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The Week

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S embarrassment at discovering himself in the classic predicament between two charmers found expression in his penultimate speech to the House of Commons. Toward the Japanese he recognized the obligation of the past. "Is it to be suggested that we now should turn round and say to them 'Thank you; you stood by us in trouble, but we don't need you any longer, so good-by'? . . . The British Empire must behave like gentlemen." But, on the other hand, he affirmed it as "a cardinal principle of British policy . . . that we should act in as complete accord with the United States as any two countries can." The extrication from the dilemma occurs as a matter of course to Lloyd George's mind, as it would to any coster boy's on a park bench between Lily and Marge. "If the alliance with Japan could be merged into a greater understanding with Japan and the United States on all the problems of the Pacific, that would be . . . . a guaranty for the peace of the world."

INTO this iridescent conception an unnamed member threw a bit of reality in a single word—"China." "Certainly, and China" amended the Premier, but it is clear that the charm was broken, the bubble shattered. It may be well for the American press, so easily dazzled by the facile brilliance of Lloyd George, to remember that word. For America and Japan are in complete opposition in regard to China, and the detestation with which America regards the Anglo-Japanese alliance is because of the fact that it inevitably marks Great Britain's acceptance of a policy which we think criminal. England has usually opposed and thwarted attempts which the United States has made to promote the integrity and preserve the sovereignty of China—witness the defeat of the North China railroad project in 1909. At the present time she is engaged in operations in South China, the predatory character of which is illustrated by the Cassell contract in Kwangtung. If Lloyd George thinks that the British Empire is behaving like gentlemen toward China it is clear that he has in mind standards of international morality which America is not yet prepared formally to accept.

THE work of the Conference in considering questions of the Pacific will be largely of the most technical nature. It is of the greatest importance that the United States should not repeat the mistakes of Paris. The cardinal sin of Mr. Wilson was not cowardice or vanity, but sheer ignorance. He did not know and could not be taught. His advisers were selected by caprice, and caprice governed his relations with them. Secretary Hughes has his warning. He should surround himself with the best informed understanding and the clearest judgment in regard to the situation in China and the ambitions of England and Japan. We have in mind such men as E. T. Williams, Chinese Secretary to the Legation at Peking, John J. Abbott, Commercial attaché at Tokio, Stanley K.

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Hornbeck, F. W. Stevens of the Consortium, Professor John Dewey and Dr. Paul S. Reinsch. The Conference in its present form may find its chief value in a thorough exploration of the Far Eastern situation which will make possible a complete orientation of American foreign policy. At the worst it may result in a defeat, the humiliation of which will be speciously concealed by fine phrases and promises. The latter is a fair description of our diplomatic experience in Far Eastern affairs in the past, and it will be so again if we leave others to work out the problems while we merely guess at the answer.

IS there anything for men to choose between belonging to a small non-militarist state and being part of a great militarist state? That is obviously one of the practical questions that the Dail Eireann is now revolving. There are blessings in being associated with a great state, beyond all doubt, but what the Irish leaders appear to be asking themselves is the precise nature of these blessings. What would Denmark gain by being a British dominion rather than a small non-militarist state? Denmark is able now to buy English coal and sell England her butter and bacon—far more butter than Ireland can sell England. Meanwhile she is not called upon to help maintain the British empire. Her independence, it is true, is no more secure than Belgium's was in August, 1914. But at that time the conscience of the world clearly declared itself that a small non-militarist state should not be forcibly overborne by a great militarist state. In the light of this principle, even in jaded and disillusioned 1921, Ireland cannot help examining such heated utterances as that of the London Times: "Heaven forbid that we should rattle the sabre, but Heaven forbid, too, that we should ask consent to throw the crown and sceptre into the dust."

WHAT interests America in the Irish crisis is least of all the crown and the sceptre. These are the symbols of prestige, and considerations of prestige are not so vital as human considerations. But carefully to be distinguished from prestige, in the interests of the truce, are the arguments of cooperation and goodwill. If England assumes the right attitude toward those residents of Ireland who wish to uphold the empire, Ireland can surely succeed in devising some means either of coming to an agreement with that minority or of arranging a method of county or district option by which that minority can be consulted and can select its own status. To suppose that any status outside the empire is conceivable to Belfast is to possess a magnificent imagination. But on the supposition of the search for a status inside the empire Britain can afford not only to maintain the truce indefinitely but to give leading and light to Sir James Craig. In no other way that we can see can Ireland be expected to vote itself into free relationship with the empire. A bond relationship we regard as worthy only of the Germany of 1914.

AFTER negotiations long drawn out by what were essentially political difficulties, a basis has at last been found for bringing relief to starving Russia. On the chief point at issue—the danger to the power of the Soviets of a foreign organization—the American Relief Administration has solemnly undertaken "to engage in no political activities whatever," and any relief worker who violates this clause is to be dismissed after the Soviet government has shown due cause and evidence. So at last, after three and a half years of misunderstanding, Russia and America have, in some measure, come together again. This by itself is worth a great deal.

MR. HOOVER, and Mr. Hoover alone, commands the organization, and has the power to raise the funds, which the seriousness of the Russian famine requires. But Mr. Hoover's implacable hostility to Bolshevism, and the facts of the widely advertised coup whereby Captain Gregory helped to turn the Communists out of Hungary, have led many people to believe that Mr. Hoover's charity for all has on occasion been tainted by malice toward some, and such people will not give readily through his hands. They have already given, generously too, through the Friends' relief organization, the undiluted integrity and impartiality of which is beyond all doubt. To such people, and to the organization that distributes their charity, President Harding's plan of making the A. R. A. the only American relief organization, will not appeal; while his assurance that the State Department will grant passports to relief workers of no American relief organization but the A. R. A., is an insult.

ON another page one of our correspondents notes the rather Mosaic tendencies of a gentleman from Missouri who happens—we should like to know why—to be governor of Porto Rico. Thou shalt have but one language, he commands the native. And the Hon. E. Mont Reily further commands him to "give up all thought of ever being independent." Later news from San Juan fully justifies our correspondent's description of Mr.

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Reily as a "Missouri Kaiser." Señor Barcelo, leader of a party which considers independence as an ultimate ideal, recently recommended three names for appointment by the governor. Mr. Reily answered: "I shall never appoint any man to any office who is an advocate of independence." Perhaps nothing could so serve to excite the passion for independence as these utterances in the style of British Royal Governors before the Revolutionary War.

ON May 16th, the United States Steel Corporation cut its wages twenty per cent. On July 16th, the elimination of time and a half for overtime amounted to a further cut of 9.5 per cent. On August 29th came a third cut, of 18.9 per cent. This last reduction brought the wages of unskilled labor down to thirty cents an hour, the level of May 1, 1917. "It has been Judge Gary's policy," says a press report, "not to reduce wages unless there has been a corresponding adjustment of prices." Well, prices are adjusting themselves—upward. The Department of Labor announces that the July retail food prices are 2.7 per cent higher than those of June. Potatoes are up twenty-six per cent, eggs twenty, butter fifteen. We suggest that the only possible way of reconciling Judge Gary's wage cuts with his ideas on the "adjustment" of prices is to induce his employees to subsist mainly on cabbage, which is nine per cent cheaper than it was in June.

SOME years ago, it will be remembered, the Normannia arrived with cholera aboard, causing the vessel to be held for weeks in quarantine off Fire Island. The late E. L. Godkin, then editor of the Evening Post, one of the passengers subject to detention, made the country ring with his denunciations of the tyranny, cruelty and inefficiency of the port authorities, from which human beings of humbler station suffered daily throughout the year in silence. A similar incident occurred the other day, when a French liner brought back some 227 Americans, professors, doctors, novelists, members of the Harvard Glee Club, all of them boiling with anger at having been forced to endure the United States Health Service vaccination. The vaccine, being too strong, caused in the cabin passengers much physical pain,—as well as moral indignation, which last they expressed in such terms as "outrage!"....."a crime!".... "We are being treated like immigrants!" How many Americans must suffer the "crime" of being treated as if they were immigrants before America realizes that the way she treats her immigrants is a crime?

The United States and the British Dominions

THE State Department has recently announced a most important decision about the composition of the Washington Conference—a decision so important that it may vitally affect the success or the failure of the Conference to reach a promising settlement of the strategic and political problems of the Pacific. Yet this decision leaked out quietly into the daily papers and passed almost unnoticed by them. It concerned the representation of the constituent parts of the British Empire in the Conference. One of the self-governing dominions of the Empire, probably Canada, hinted to the American government that it would welcome an invitation to send to Washington a delegation separate from that which represented the United Kingdom. The State Department turned down the suggestion. It declared that "if representatives of Canada and the other overseas dominions of Great Britain are to sit in the Conference, they must do so as delegates of the British government." Nor is this all. The Department at the same time renders it practically impossible for dominion delegates to sit in the Conference even as representatives of the British Empire as a whole by proposing to limit the number of delegates from any one government to five.

This decision is, we believe, a serious mistake. Its object was to increase the importance and power of the American government in the Conference and to diminish that of the British government. It will have precisely the opposite effect. In reference to many questions about which the British and American governments are likely to differ, the decision will diminish the weight of influence which the American government can rally to the support of its policy while at the same time relieving the British government of a dangerous source of weakness. The reason is obvious. If the State Department allows the dominions to send separate delegations to Washington, the American government may well be able to divide the representation of the British Empire against itself and obtain Canadian or South African support for American proposals. But when it insists on the diplomatic indivisibility of the British Empire, it enables Downing Street to represent and dictate the policy of the whole Imperial British delegation. The American nation has nothing to gain from promoting a fictitious indivisibility in the political organization of the British Empire. If it is alive to its own interest, it should help the British commonwealth to become a loose league of semi-autonomous nations.

A supporter of the decision of the State Depart-

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ment may reply that the criticism is merely theoretical. If the self-governing dominions are separately represented in Washington, some of them might conceivably agree with the American government and disagree with Downing Street, but as a matter of fact such disagreements within the Empire either do not exist or would not be allowed to rise to the surface. This reply ignores the facts. The disagreements do exist and they have already come to the surface. At the recent British Imperial Conference in London, a sharp divergence of policy developed between some of the dominions and Downing Street in respect to the very questions of foreign policy with which the Washington Conference will be particularly concerned. The American government is excluding from the conference at least two peculiarly able and influential supporters of its own policy.

The Conference, in so far as it deals with the problems of the Pacific, will succeed—from the American point of view, if it can by means of an agreement with the British commonwealth, persuade or coerce Japan to abandon its imperialist ambitions on the mainland of Asia. The obstacle to such an agreement is the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The alliance has served in the past to neutralize the hostility which the British government would naturally feel towards the Japanese policy of continental aggression which gradually impaired the integrity of China and secured to the Japanese trader a privileged position in that country. It has served in effect to make of the British Empire the accomplice of Japanese Imperialism. Its existence stands in the way of a concert of the Pacific Powers which will put an end to Japanese aggression in the Pacific and translate into a political agreement the consequences with respect to China. The American government and American public opinion have not concealed their dislike of the alliance and the suspicions which its renewal would provoke. Nevertheless the British Foreign Offices favor its renewal and would already have signed again were it not for the vigorous and successful opposition of Canada. In this matter, the Canadian representatives at the Imperial Conference played the game of the United States, not of course because it was the game of the United States but because it was the game of Canada. The interests and the ideas of the American and Canadian governments and peoples coincided and they differed from those of the British Empire as envisaged by the Foreign Office.

If the British self-governing dominions were separately represented at Washington, the American government could depend on the almost certain assistance of Canada and the probable assistance of South Africa in pressing the British government to consider without prejudice the obstacles offered by its alliance with Japan to a political consortium of the Pacific Powers. It could also depend on the probable opposition of Australia and New Zealand. These dominions during the recent Imperial Conference favored the renewal of the alliance. But the assistance of Canada would count for more than the opposition of Australia and New Zealand. Of all the dominions Canada is by virtue of its existing population and wealth, its future prospects and its strong strategic position, the most deservedly influential in the counsels of the Empire. Its agreement with the United States on any question of foreign policy and its disagreement with Downing Street would make it almost impossible for the British government to persist. Yet by refusing to Canada separate representation at Washington the State Department has seriously embarrassed the Canadian government in using its influence openly and effectively on behalf of American interests—and "American" may include both Canada and the United States.

The political questions raised by the exclusion of the self-governing dominions and particularly of Canada from the Washington Conference have wide ramifications and an important bearing upon the future relationship one to another of the English-speaking peoples. If the British Commonwealth is indivisible, as the State Department and the Senate in its discussion of the representation of the self-governing dominions in the Assembly of the League of Nations has insisted, it will eventually centralize its organization in London; and the dominions, as separate political bodies, will have as little to say about British foreign policy as the several American states have to say about the foreign policy of the Union. But this idea of indivisibility and its natural consequence in a centralized organ of foreign policy is not accepted by the dominions and is being abandoned both in theory and practice. The recent British Imperial Conference was summoned in part to settle the date and formulate the agenda for a future Imperial Constitutional Assembly, but it adjourned without taking any definite action in the matter. The Prime Ministers were forced to postpone a thorny problem in the settlement of which they would be more likely to quarrel than to agree. All they did was practically to recognize the Imperial Conference as itself the only organ of foreign policy whose decisions bound the whole commonwealth, and this action was itself a repudiation of centralization and a confession of potential disunity.

Public opinion in the United States can regard this result with complacency. If the British com-

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monwealth develops a strong tendency towards consolidation, it could, considering the present distribution of Sea Power, only mean that it was drawing together either to attack the United States or to defend itself against the United States. But if it moves in the direction of disunity and towards the granting to the self-governing dominions of an increasing autonomy even in matters of foreign policy, it must mean that they have confidence in the United States and do not fear the growth of the Sea Power of this country. The American government should encourage the dominions to act independently in matters of foreign policy, not because it will reap any advantage from provoking dissensions in the counsels of the British Empire, but because it can adjust its own interests with less friction to those of a loosely organized British commonwealth than to those of an indivisible Empire. It should particularly encourage Canada to act independently of Downing Street and to send, as the Canadian government has already decided to send, her own diplomatic representatives to Washington. For a semi-independent Canada can serve as an invaluable intermediary and adjuster of difficulties between Washington and London. The Canadian nation is both American and British. It is resolved to remain both American and British. This resolution is honorable to the Canadian people and should be respected and encouraged by the peoples both of the United States and the United Kingdom.

Applied Violence

THE destructive tendencies at work in society can be estimated by the extent to which violence has come to be considered a part of the normal process of civil life. One community after another yields to the temptation—yesterday it was Tulsa, Oklahoma, today it is Barnstable, Massachusetts—and each becomes a centre of dissolution which is threatening the whole social fabric. Where these centres are multiplying rapidly, as in Texas, the effect upon the social order becomes cumulative. In a list of thirty cases of mob action in Texas in the past year it is easy to trace geographically the connection between one outbreak and another, the example of one community working on its neighbors; and the fact that half the items on the list occurred in the past two months shows a dangerous rate of acceleration. When violence becomes recognized, officially or unofficially, as the characteristic method of procedure of such national organizations as the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan the centres of dissolution multiply still more rapidly and the disease ceases to be a local phenomenon. One of the most alarming aspects of the situation is the ease with which public opinion has accustomed itself to violence as a mode of life. A recent observer in Italy noted the indifference of Florence or Rome to the fact that Communists and Fascisti were fighting a battle within their limits, in which perhaps a score of men would die. This disinterestedness can not yet be paralleled in America, but when we contrast the public concern with the massacre at Ludlow in 1913 and the eager efforts at extenuation put forward by those responsible for it, with the indifference of the public to the same situation in West Virginia, we realize that industrial partisan warfare has become old stuff. The Senate Committee investigating West Virginia is a monument of this cynical nonchalance; and it is reported that not an eyelid was batted at the news of the assassination of Sid Hatfield.

It is easy to explain this epidemic of violence as the result of methods employed and advocated during the war by the zealous defenders of the faith that their country can do no wrong. Even before the United States entered the war, it became a matter of patriotism to attack meetings and speakers who were averse to this adventure; and such attacks passed in general unrebuked by police and judicial authorities. Habits both of violence and of espionage were inculcated as measures necessary to win the war, and it is difficult to break them now that the excuse for them has gone. Patriotic violence was easily turned to account in industrial warfare; and it became a natural mode of reprisal to interpret the industrial program of the I. W. W. as aid and comfort to the enemy, whence the riot and bloodshed that surrounded that organization as a cloud. The war has doubtless led also to an intensification of violence between races. The fact of the Negroes' bearing arms has made more acute the hostility on the part of Whites and rendered less patient the endurance of such hostility on the part of the Blacks. But violence in industrial and racial quarrels, deplorable as it is, is an evil recognized, condemned, investigated and guarded against. The violence invoked as an ordinary method of procedure in our political and social life, which is accepted as a matter of course like the ballot box, or the Court of Domestic Relations, is infinitely the more threatening sign of the danger to the foundations of society.

It is from this point of view that the record of violence in Texas during the past few weeks attracts persistent notice. We read in the bulletins of the American Civil Liberties Union that:

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"Fifteen masked men took Dr. J. S. Paul from his home at Beaumont on May 8th, drove him into the woods and tarred and feathered him. The mobbists, said to be members of the Ku Klux Klan, charged Dr. Paul with malpractice."

"Ed Enger of Dallas was whipped by a group of masked men on June 16th because of alleged cruelty to his wife."

"A mob of masked men at Dallas on May 24th kidnapped and whipped John T. Moore, out on bond on a charge of enticing a twelve-year old girl to his room."

"The Goose Creek Ku Klux Klan tarred and feathered B. L. Bloodsworth and Olin Jones, 'reputed bad characters,' on June 19th, and deported them from town."

"Mrs. Beulah Johnson, out on bond on a bigamy charge, was taken from the porch of a hotel by unidentified men at Tenaha and tarred and feathered."

This record might be interpreted as the effort of several communities, doubtless directed by the best people, to purge and uplift themselves. It might be excused as a reversion to the methods of the vigilantes, resulting from loss of faith in the efficiency of ordinary legal precedure. It is to be feared that such comments would be merely naive. The organization of the Ku Klux Klan, to which either directly or by imitation such outrages are generally due, shows that violence is rather the end than the means; that the primary impulse is one of restless desire to inflict physical punishment; and only in the second place to find a victim.

The reappearance of the Ku Klux Klan on the American scene in the wake of the war, disheartening as it is with its memories of another period of reconstruction, is far less significant than the emergence of the American Legion. The latter, in spite of the suspicious circumstances surrounding its origin and initial campaign, and the interested character of its leadership, is at present the chief organization of men who fought the war. Unless a great and unexpected spiritual change should come over the country it is likely to remain so, by virtue of the prestige of supporters, its recognition by other national bodies like the N. E. A., and the inertia of its constituents. Its influence on its members, and through them on the youth of the land, is certain to be very great. By its charter it is devoted to sustaining and renewing that idealism which is a commonplace in American social and national character; to promoting American unity and preserving American institutions. Its record during the past two years is appalling. Its members have entered into every phase of division among its fellow-countrymen, political, social, industrial, racial, and everywhere have left behind them a sinister trail of violence, wounds and death. Recently the Willard Straight Post, in view of the wide-spread charges against the Legion and the proved character of many of them, brought before the Committee of the American Legion of New York County a resolution that

"the American Legion of New York County indignantly repudiates this charge of lawlessness, and standing adamant for law and order and for justice under the law, and believing that men are free to think as they will, to speak as they will, to write as they will provided thereby they do not trespass on the like privileges or do injury to others, wishes to record itself as condemning any activities in the direction of suppressing that rich inheritance from our fathers, the most cherished of all rights guaranteed by the Constitution,—the lawful exercise of freedom of speech, freedom of the press and freedom of public meetings."

Incredible as it may be this resolution was voted down by a majority of two or three to one. A supporter of the resolution analyzes the hostility which resulted in its rejection as

"a combination of the unwillingness of the great majority of delegates to take any action which would seem to imply a recognition of previous lawlessness and more particularly a deep seated belief in the function and divine right of the American Legion to police the political morals of the community including the right to use violence and intimidation where it seemed advisable."

In other words, in the opinion of this observer, the Legion exhibits first that peculiar intellectual cowardice characteristic of the American public which prevents it from facing facts and acknowledging the truth when it is unpleasant, and second that political self-righteousness which sets itself in judgment and in action above the rights of others as defined by law. From the point of view of American democracy this action of the Legion comes very near to being a formal assertion of the Satanic principle: "Evil, be thou my good."

Unemployment

IT is an interesting commentary on the insight and understanding of those responsible for formulating the economic policies of this country that the outstanding economic problem of the past two years has received practically no consideration and has originated no constructive measures either of relief or of inquiry. Only this week Secretary of Labor Davis appeared before the Senate, in response to a Senate Resolution, and reported the unemployment of almost 6,000,000 people in this country; more than three millions and a half in manufacturing industries, 800,000 in transportation, and 250,000 in the mines. The number, moreover, has been steadily increasing and prom-

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ises by the winter to reach heights even above that of 1914, when the number of unemployed was estimated at seven millions. No one, of course, lays any claim to accuracy for these figures. They are simply indicative of the reality of the problem of unemployment at the present time and of the existence of widespread distress, which has already in some places become too acute to be disregarded.

The fate of this information in the Senate is not hard to predict. It will in all probability be filed with information, equally interesting and already in the possession of that body, and will rest untouched until the depression passes and the unemployed find jobs. Such, at any rate, has been the experience with similar inquiries in the past. Yet this public, or official, indifference to the problem of unemployment does not find its counterpart in the public attitude of other civilized countries and of private students of the question in this country. In England, notably, one series of administrative expedients after another has been adopted for the purpose at least of mitigating the evils of unemployment if not of appreciably reducing its volume. Through the operation of an admirable system of employment exchanges, much has been accomplished there in levelling the peaks of unemployment and in reducing that volume of unemployment which existed because both job-seekers and employers were ignorant of the market. The British system of unemployment insurance, frequently amended, improved and extended since its enactment, has contributed considerably in helping its beneficiaries tide themselves over what would otherwise have been difficult periods of personal adjustment. Along similar lines, some slight progress has also been made in that country in postponing public undertakings that may later be thrown open to workmen whenever private industry no longer offers opportunities of employment.

All of these measures are, within limits, efficacious and are available for any community that has a desire to attack the problem of unemployment. In the United States all of them have been frequently proposed and discussed by many agencies, of which the most generally effective has been the American Association for Labor Legislation. But, except for the initiation of public works by a limited number of municipalities, the record of achievement in this direction has not been a striking one. Without regard even to the present exigency, this country has long been ripe for such a limited unemployment program as would embrace the organization nationally of a series of well articulated employment offices; the institution of a system, preferably national, of unemployment insurance; and the formulation of a long-time program of public works, designed to concentrate public expenditures in periods of depression.

The proposal for a program of public works is one that has particularly recommended itself to students of unemployment. Among the recommendations made to the International Conference on Unemployment in 1913 were those providing for the undertaking of public work during industrial depressions, the revision of budget laws to permit the accumulation of reserves for this purpose, and the creation of an agency competent to advise the proper authorities when to undertake public enterprises. That a plan of this nature, if carried out on a sufficiently large scale, will produce noteworthy results is shown in the calculation made by Bowley, the English statistician. In estimates made for the United Kingdom, he finds that an annual sum of $20,000,000, which represents only 3 per cent of the annual appropriation for public works and services, would yield a fund sufficient to balance the wage loss from commercial depression. If also, to the direct employment that comes from this source are added the indirect benefits in essential subsidiary industries, the total gain to the community becomes real and important. This whole program has, indeed, significant ramifications if its application is extended to quasi-public undertakings like, for instance, the railroads. Immediately following the close of federal operation of railroads in this country, the private operators complained of the state into which railroad equipment had fallen under public operation. Not only was there need for extensive replacement, but also for substantial addition of new equipment. The effect of an industrial depression like the present one, however, is, in the railroads as in other private industries, to defer such replacements and improvements until such time as business has again improved. So the railroad and some of the basic industries, like steel, partially dependent on it, linger on in the trough of depression. Conceivably, under these circumstances, a liberal public subsidy, carefully safeguarded with regard to the time and method of expenditure, might do much to spread employment and in that way to hasten the return of general industrial activity. In its essential outlines a plan of this nature is no different from the plan for a government underwriting of profits proposed by Professor Friday. But both proposals are strange and like all strange proposals are slow in winning adherents.

Meanwhile, measures like unemployment insurance, the organization of employment offices, and even the conduct of public works on a moderate scale are at the best only palliatives. And, in

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spite of the almost baffling complexity of the problem, it is becoming increasingly clear that the elements of its solution are to be found largely in the possession of a unified business and economic program. What the nature of such a program should be cannot, of course, be predicted, but that there must be one may be seen from even the slightest survey of some of the economic factors that have been active during the past few years. During the war and for a short period after the armistice, the government maintained an extensive control over industry which, in spite of the strain to which business and industry was subjected, acted as an effective stabilizing influence. The signing of the armistice was the signal for a demand for freedom from government control. To this demand President Wilson yielded in his famous speech entrusting business to the initiative and intelligence of the individual business man. In 1919 and 1920 came the spectacular rise in prices and business inflation, from which the country is now said to be deflating. At the Peace Conference, before the Supreme Economic Council, the same issues appeared and were settled in much the same way, with somewhat the same sequence of events. Furthermore, when the American Mission went to Paris, a part of it was armed with data on the products of American industry available for reconstruction in Europe. The assumption apparently was that the proclamation of peace would find Europe busy at reconstruction and a large purchaser in American markets. In the course of the same Peace Conference, however, as we have recently learned, proposals for general cancellation of war debts were rejected by the United States. Since then Europe has been in a state bordering on economic collapse and American hopes have not been realized. It is idle, of course, to speculate as to what would have happened had any of the policies adopted been different from what they were. This series of events is significant only in that alternative policies were available and that somehow the many specific questions which were settled separately and independently were part of a whole, which required settlement as such.

Within a more restricted sphere, but in much the same manner, a mass of direct and indirect economic questions are now being attacked and settled in this country. As a result there grow up many economic policies, with reference to specific issues, in the main independent of one another. So we have a railroad policy, a labor policy, an immigration policy, a Federal Reserve policy, a Russian policy, an agricultural policy and scores of others, while the fundamental economic problem of the day, the industrial depression, is barely considered and then only as incidental to the discussion of other questions. It is true, to be sure, that almost every new piece of legislation is designed by its sponsors to convert the depression into a business boom. But this design has in practice been little more than a pious wish.

As it stands now, no measure would be more helpful than the creation, under federal auspices, of a commission of experts charged with studying depressions and with proposing a plan of action. Out of the report of such a commission should come some measures that could be promptly applied to meet immediate problems and also the outlines of a long-time economic policy, which, if adopted, would reduce the violent fluctuations in business that have proved so disastrous in the past. It is too much to hope that a commission appointed at this time could make recommendations that would have a profound effect on the course of the present depression. But the educational value of their recommendations and their utility in the future would be incalculable.

Cooperation and the State

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish an article on cooperation by Mr. Warbasse. Mr. Warbasse argues that the cooperative movement is capable in itself of developing into a new social order, vastly superior both to the existing order of industrial chaos and insensate profiteering and to any conceivable socialistic utopia. Indeed, Mr. Warbasse goes farther than this statement would imply. To him the political state, no matter how narrowly it limits its functions, is an engine of coercion, to be got rid of when the cooperative society has reached its full development. "The state is necessarily coercive, compulsory and paternalistic. . . . One can not get away from governments." The cooperative movement, in contrast, "is a free and voluntary society. If one does not like it one may resign from its membership."

There is small danger, we believe, that any considerable number of persons will overestimate the possibilities of the cooperative movement. Most of us greatly underestimate them. We think of the gains from cooperation chiefly in terms of the modest percentages saved to consumers on their purchases. We ought to think of them in much broader terms. Under the system of unrestrained business enterprise it is obvious that the direction of production drifts farther and farther away from the consumer's control. More and more we are led by skilful advertising to want what the

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business system finds it most profitable to supply us with. Only through the organization of consumers is it possible to fix specifications, corresponding with the consumers' real needs, that the producers will have to live up to. Under conditions of private industry and private trade it must often happen that the interests of the consumer and those of the agencies supposed to serve him are diametrically opposed. If trade were dominated by consumer's cooperation we should hear less of food products dumped into the sea in order to maintain prices. Only through consumers' cooperation can we be assured that one or another middleman will not manage to appropriate to himself whatever benefits may come from improved transportation, more efficient production. In short, we ought to admit cooperation as an essential element in practically every project of economic improvement.

But even so we should fall far short of the range of ideas that Mr. Warbasse presents. We look upon cooperation as a vital force, but only one among the vital forces that will continue to operate; as a means of meeting many of the needs of the individual, but not all of his needs. The cooperative movement may make it unnecessary for the state to engage in the supplying of some of the services now unsatisfactorily supplied by private enterprises. But we can see no compelling reason for assuming that cooperation will handle all the services now performed by the state more efficiently than the state handles them. A cooperative asylum for the insane; a cooperative detention place for habitual criminals—what new hope would these inspire? Cooperative old age pensions, sickness and accident insurance may have something to say for themselves, even on the assumption that otherwise the state would furnish these services. Cooperative schools would doubtless offer a valuable experimental element if conducted alongside of schools of another character. We find it difficult to see how progress would be made through the general substitution of schools supported by cooperators for schools supported by taxpayers.

The fact is, we can not accept at its face value Mr. Warbasse's characterization of either state or cooperative movement. Coercion is not uniformly characteristic of state activities, nor could a cooperative movement, verging toward fulfillment, wholly avoid coercion. It would be superfluous to enumerate the services furnished by the modern state that involve no coercion, or to emphasize the fact that such services are apparently on the increase. On the other hand, that the cooperative movement is capable of applying coercion is proved by the number of successful campaigns it has carried on against businesses which have not treated it fairly. The subjugation of the meat packers by the Swiss cooperative movement may serve as a case in point. The individual remains free to cooperate or not as he chooses so long as the movement is in its infancy and alternative sources of supply are at hand. But how will it be when cooperation becomes universal and private dealers have altogether disappeared? We can conceive of a degree of coercion, through economic pressure, far more relentless than any that the political state dares to apply.

The theoretical interest of the inquiry into ultimates tempts us on. But we are not justified in dwelling on these ultimates, to the prejudice of the immediately practical considerations that with a vigorous cooperative movement there is a fair hope that political reforms will no longer prove illusory, and that with a vigorous movement for political reforms many grave obstacles can be cleared away from the path of the cooperative movement.

In England, to be sure, the cooperative movement attained to its commanding importance without the aid of a political movement. But in Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium and northern Italy the cooperative and the political movements have gone hand in hand. In Russia before the war, abstention from politics was a condition of all cooperative activity. That helps to explain the weakness of the movement in its struggle with the Bolsheviki. The weight of experience seems to indicate that democratic politics have need of the cooperative movement, and the cooperative movement has need of democratic politics. We see no profit in pitting one against the other and insisting on one single road to salvation.

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The Strange Case of

Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw

IT is a pity to be "brilliant" without shedding light, without letting your brilliancy so shine that it lights up our way. The brilliancy of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw could be of the illuminating order; they have each a powerful light to cast; Mr. Shaw a white and steady (though narrow) light and Mr. Chesterton that of the most fascinating fireworks, of richest color, true works of fire, that shoot up and burst with magical intensity over the world about us, beautiful in themselves, and affording startling glimpses of reality. The two have all this to give, but actually their lights play upon our world in a sadly dimmed and diminished manner. The reason is simple: they do not know how to manage them. They do not know how to do justice in their reader's eyes to their own ideas.

If we read them with care and with labor they surely are revealed as amongst the greatest moralists, not merely as the two most delicious humorists, of our time. They are "critics of life" of an inspired order, though their philosophies in the gross stand in serious need of revision. Mr. Chesterton has for us a true and priceless gospel of the glory of life. Mr. Shaw has for us a true and priceless gospel of the control of life. Mr. Chesterton brings out the boundless interest of the present fact. Mr. Shaw asks what will come of it. Mr. Chesterton offers us well-being immediately (though he is not thinking of well-being) through appreciation and animation, in the natural joys of an aroused existence. Mr. Shaw offers us well-being through forethought and management. The one would have us taste to the full, as in a game or in the hunt, "the spirit of the thing." The other demands effectual means to ends. The one is as it were a youth and is thinking of what is fine and splendid. The other is a sadder and a wiser man and is thinking of consequences. The guiding interest of the one is glamor. The guiding interest of the other is intelligence. Each has a side of the truth, Mr. Shaw's being the more indispensable, the more tragically pressing side, Mr. Chesterton's the more glowing and glorious side. It is when they despise each other's truth that they profoundly err. They are in need of each other and we are in need of both. It is unfortunate therefore that they have not taken the trouble to be understood, but impose a trouble upon readers to that end which most are quite unwilling to take.

Mr. Chesterton says, "Rub your eyes, look again at things, and see what fascination, what color, what drama, what romance they contain. Use your eyes and your mind's eyes and see how the world lights up. Begin to live." Mr. Shaw says, "Rub your eyes, look again at things, and see what misdirection, what blind prejudice, what silly infatuation, what contemptible, slipshod, wanton stupidity preside over our common life and betray it to defeat and misery. Use your eyes and your mind's eyes and see how the world can be steered. Begin to live." One says, "Wake up; we live in wonderland." The other says, "Wake up; we might live in a sensible world." But they express this in the concrete; they specify; and there lies their originality. They are each preaching a transformation, but not the same. Mr. Chesterton's is a transformation of the present through an awakening to the treasures of delight and excitement with which it is stored. Mr. Shaw's is a transformation of the future, however near, through mastery of the circumstances upon which welfare hangs. Even when Mr. Chesterton writes with fire about abuses, reforms, democracy and scoundrels, it is not that he gazes forward to a changed world or even in any notable degree to a better state of the matter in hand, but that for him this is the right way to feel, talk and act now in the premises; for him such indignation is natural and healthy; he would despise a man who did not feel it; such a man does not live; the feeling means fulness of life. His morality has its being in the present, and has little vision of its own harvest.

Mr. Shaw's religion, as he terms it, is fixed upon the Life-Force. This is the force of life that makes for more life. It is thus a forward-pushing force. It is, he is sure, the only object of an intelligent religion. As it gathers strength it must guard and foster life by more and more controlling circumstance and fate. That is, as it gathers strength it takes to itself intelligence. Mr. Chesterton's religion, he wishes us to understand, is orthodox and Catholic Christianity, though not of the Roman Church. Only in this faith, he tells us, is he "at home." He is in no danger of "other-worldliness," but this world would be chilled and bleak instead of warmed, expanded and thrilled did we have to abandon this religion. It is the most splendid of faiths. We can hardly vouch for the adequacy of Mr. Chesterton's picture of Christianity. But

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clearly true religion must contain both the present glow and the power of amendment; we need not linger upon the need of these thoughts for each other.

Our two writers are essentially serious and essentially witty. But they often strain their wit and let the habit of purveying amusement enfeeble it. Just so they often strain their philosophy and let their perception of evidence be dulled.

Mr. Chesterton is the romantic spirit incarnate and his philosophy is the discovery of romance in common things and every day. Romantic adventures and exploits, romantic ideals, romantic sacrifices, romantic vows, romantic tableaus and gestures, romantic recklessness—whatever is picturesque, "mystical," magical or "wild" (the watchword of the romantic mood)—these are his beloved themes. The red lights that play in the stream of his prose, his exuberance of feeling, his "wine of words," his rich impulses, waywardness and audacity belong one and all to the same spirit. We are not surprised to hear from him the gospel of rich and splendid life. But in him the doctrine is healthy through and through. The richness and splendor are to begin within, in the heart; his is a gospel of all that is cordial and warm in love and in hate, a gospel of the very lustihood and luxuriance of natural feeling. Natural feeling—including the feeling for what is natural—that is after all the key to it and may be called Mr. Chesterton's test. Whatever feels natural, in a high sense,—good fellowship, good cheer, a crackling fire on the hearth, a good heart, a good laugh, the manners of men together, no arrogance, assumption or affectation; equality, liberty, democracy—all this he accepts and embraces; but none of your queer, strained, artificial, uncanny theories, strange ghastly diets or the rest; such as socialism, vegetarianism, feminism, total abstinence, pacifism, theosophy, Christian Science, tinted eye-glasses, hygienic dresses, the outlandish, blood-coagulating ideas of Ibsen, Tolstoi or Nietzsche; they feel unnatural, they taste bad. Also none of your fastidious, your over-refined notions of superiority to the common herd; they are not due to superiority but to sickliness and a chilly heart, not to fulness of life but to ebbing insufficiency of it. Also none of your vague universal tolerances toward these things, your scepticisms and indefinitenesses; there are things sound and right as there are things tainted and false; we feel them to be so. Let us have a full habit of faith. Let us believe what it is natural to believe. Let us believe on evidence of course; one of our intuitions tells us that reason is a fine thing and we should use it if practicable; but let us have a healthy sense of what constitutes evidence. "The open, obvious, democratic thing is to believe an old apple-woman when she bears testimony—" etc. "The plain, popular course is to trust—" etc. The phrases should be read in the context for their exact meaning and flavor. He has not a very clear idea of what reason is. It is always atmospheres that determine his acceptance or recoil.

The romantic defence of Christianity touches the truth at many points. But one cannot help perceiving that Mr. Chesterton loves miracles because they are paradoxes; that the healing and the saving are less acutely felt than the excitement and the thrill. Christianity is for him the highest of all tales of adventure. Its world is the supreme edition of fairyland. The dogmas too are paradoxes. He exults in the sensational and mysterious scheme of things revealed, as a present background to contemplate, rather than in the actual redemption of men and society from the spiritual and physical state they are in. He is a "romantic aesthete" of a robust type.

Now this is the very mood and habit of mind against which Mr. Shaw has from the first been directing his fiercest shafts. The novels of his earliest period, his first play, Arms and the Man, struck the note that has been sounding unchanged and still sounds in Back to Methusalah. He is a deadly enemy of romanticism. Why? Because it looks to "the spirit of the thing" without looking to results. Because it glories in a fine gesture when the result is tears and gnashing of teeth. Because it does not see that the eloquence of the present taken as guide to the future is prone to be deceitful and has to be corrected by the sternest prosaic reckoning of what will fall out. Because it has no remedy for the ills of life, no will to put its mind on them and grapple with them, but only a spirit, an air, a style of behavior in their presence. Because romantic ideals are types of action bathed in a romantic light and contemplated admiringly as good in themselves when no acts are good in themselves; they are good only in the harvest that they tend to bring. He has nothing but bitter demon-laughter for the minds that accept or reject according to the atmosphere of the thing; do but watch them, the dupes of a congenial and winsome atmosphere, leading men into wretchedness. Do but watch them, when some blind performance seems noble or lofty or beautiful or holy or hearty or democratic or high-bred or gracious or grand (all "atmospheres" to their sensibility!) plunging into it with a glow of conscious merit because it is too much trouble to think out the consequences. Romanticism prizes its fine moods and postures more than the fate of lives. It is waywardness, wilfulness. It is therefore wickedness. It has

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blood and tears on its hands. It is sentimental intoxication and moral levity. As for the feeling of what is natural (Mr. Chesterton's special credential atmosphere) it is largely of course a product of custom and as a test of truth is the veriest imposter of them all. Thus Mr. Shaw and so far he is clearly right.

Mr. Chesterton's world is so full of all that is genial and exhilarating that a place is not "unnaturally" kept in it for the quaffing of beer and wine. Indeed this is raised to an apocalyptic significance, for we are to drink "from the great flagons in the tavern at the end of the world." Writes Mr. Shaw: "Tea and coffee and cigarettes produce conversation; lager beer and pipes produce routine journalism; wine and gallantry produce brilliant journalism, essays and novels; brandy and cigars produce violently devotional or erotic poetry; morphia produces tragic exaltation (useful on the stage). . . . I cannot say, like Ninon De l'Enclos, that a bowl of soup intoxicates me; but it stimulates me as much as I want to be stimulated, which is, perhaps, all that Ninon meant . . . I have not failed to observe that all the drugs, from tea to morphia, and all the drams, from lager beer to brandy, dull the edge of self-criticism and make a man content with something less than the best work of which he is soberly capable." For him spirituous drink is a very symbol of romanticism; *intoxication* means at one and the same time a comfortable and exhilarated spirit and a poisoning of the blood and brain. The tippler has a delectable mental atmosphere, he has "glorious life" for the moment, but the mechanism of life is impaired.

In his revulsion from the mood for which atmosphere is everything, even a test of truth, Mr. Shaw flies to an extreme in which atmosphere is too nearly nothing. A legitimate attraction of Mr. Chesterton's pages upon the whole is the healthy, bracing, delightful air we breathe. Mr. Shaw on the other hand is largely engaged in treating or rebuking for evils and has a rooted conviction that "bitters wholesome be." What disputing, what contradicting, what tartness, what pertness, what clashing impudence, what hard wit, what deplorable taste, what inclement atmosphere abound in his plays! What an array of charmless characters (though they are not all charmless!) "Good heavens!" said Stevenson of Cashel Byron's Profession, "Good heavens, what women!" The habit has so grown upon this author that when the moment comes to paint the free ideal of happy life he cannot do it; the spring in his imagination is broken. Look at the culmination of human life as depicted at the close of Back to Methusalah. This millenium served up cold, this bald-headed, "bald-hearted" Elysium, this sanitarium of supermen signalizes finally the deficient side of his nature. We can hear the guffaws of Mr. Chesterton's inextinguishable laughter. The long-lived sages have to tell us that their existence is an ecstasy, they cannot show it. When they look at each other and coldly smile at the mortifications and passionate futilities of the fabricated but conscious human beings to whose life they have just put an end, we taste again the author's favorite quinine ingredient. He despises Mr. Chesterton's truth. Mr. Chesterton sacrifices the results. Mr. Shaw sacrifices the glow of the present experience. This defect of atmosphere is subtly connected with his crudities and shallowness on the subjects of religion and marriage.

So violent is his reaction against romanticism. The strange fact is that he is all the while a romantic spirit himself. Underlying the romantic creed is a certain temperament, and that temperament he possesses, though it finds another expression. He has all the marks of the type, the love of adventure, of things strange, of intensity and immensity, of individuality; he shows us the break for liberty or "note of revolt," both in life and in writing, and for good measure an added exuberance not always found in the type but a natural expression of its deepest trait—he shows an intense love of variety. The deepest trait of the romantic temperament from which these others arise is the constitutional love of excitement. The note of the romantic temperament could not be more distinctly heard than in that desire of Walt Whitman's—and we catch in it the note of Mr. Shaw's temperament just as clearly; the desire for "something pernicious and dread, something far removed from a puny and pious life . . . something escaped from its anchorage and driving free." He resorts to the diabolical, writes the Devil's Disciple; his very style has a flavor of "something pernicious and dread." He finds a more intense adventure in turning a piercing gaze on familiar things and discerning them as they are, not as we see them, than in any romantic escape from the familiar.

The divergence began with Mr. Chesterton's romanticism and yet when we penetrate to a deep level we find here a resemblance after all. Indeed the resemblance pursues us even in the morbid exaggeration of the romantic temperament. A character in Major Barbara, clearly speaking the author's thought, says (after Plato) that a kind of insanity is requisite if the greatest things are to be done. We cannot but guess the author's sense of his own raging intensity. Certainly the eccentricity that dominated the early novel The Unsocial Socialist, the uncontrolled mania for freshness,

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change, variety, the impatient repudiation of the latest idea in favor of a later idea, the repudiation of himself, and finally, in an appendix, of the whole book, do not err on the side of sanity. And we feel the hot breath of this intense spirit as though it were ready for outbreak in many a passage of his later work. The words and thoughts are a mere vent for the spirit, which is constitutional, organic. And something comparable is true of our other author. When we marvel at his insatiable appetite in the essays for the claptrap of paradox and sudden reversal after it has long palled upon our own, we can understand his relative failure as a novelist or writer of extended romances. At first in these we merely wonder at the formidable activity of his fancy, its agile, dancing, leaping and whirling vitality. In some of these stories it is like a setter just unleashed, dashing to and fro at wildest speed, ventre à terre, in a transport and fury of play. But a story of human life, however imaginative, requires some element of natural progression; it cannot be all transformation-scenes, shocks, outbreaks and explosions. We need after all some intelligible people for the accidents to happen to, some flesh and blood, the blood not invariably shed or boiling but for an interval quietly going the rounds of normal circulation, so that the next shock may afford some little contrast. Mr. Chesterton's demand for excitement and impatience of dulness distort his longer tales beyond all human resemblance. They are abormally stimulated as if by strychnia and threaten to expire in convulsions. This epileptic style of fiction makes the same impression as a certain recurring note in Mr. Shaw; stronger than any of the words you feel (in language of Mr. Chesterton's) "an undercurrent of inhuman exaltation."

Romantic both, even to the exaggeration of the romantic temper, they show us the revolt of that temper against itself. We may conceive it as rudely awakened by the inexorable results it has neglected. We may conceive it, as embodied in Mr. Shaw, breaking savagely away from itself as embodied in Mr. Chesterton. It is the hard-headed embodiment that must prevail, for time and results are with it, and in its outraged disgust it will divide and sweep away even that truth (if we do not guard it) of the greatness and splendor of life that the other embodiment had clutched. Indeed I have often been tempted to paint the relation after the manner of Stevenson's classic tale. There is in Mr. Chesterton a minor but not infrequent vein of intellectual contempt, of denunciatory and scathing common sense, in a word the Shaw-vein. It is not difficult to imagine it restive and disaffected, secretly rebelling against the "wholesome," affluent, genial, elevated and plausible mind, full of amiable half-truths and sophistry, and innocent of any real grasp of human facts, in which it finds itself. Mr. Chesterton, always fascinated by the magical and "mystical," conceives an alchemy by which his soul can be made still more alive, fairly set on fire by the glory of things. Unhappily at the moment when he takes the powder, the other mood is in possession and the transformation ushers Mr. Shaw into being, with his intellectual diabolism, his fierce iconoclasm, his savage laughter, his contempt for the romantic hoax—the man in whom so many have found, as one critic put it, "something peculiarly odious." The clothes in which he finds himself are greatly too large for him and hang in folds on his frame, his countenance is strangely altered and mephistophelean, but when he looks at himself in the glass it is with no repugnance, rather with a leap of welcome. The devil has been long caged and comes out roaring. He tramples upon cherished ideas and emotions of his time and country "like some damned juggernaut." He has become indeed something pernicious and dread, something escaped from its anchorage and driving free. Every little while, when pursued, he takes refuge again in the ampler frame that was once his, to realize with a gasp of penitence the atrocities he has been perpetrating. The first transformation has been affected with the aid of a dry powder, of a distinctly bitter taste, which when poured into cold water emits fumes with a suggestion of brimstone; for the return he must prepare quite another potion, a ruby liquid, piquant and agreeable, to be taken in more generous measure. To conceal the sinister connection with his other self Mr. Chesterton has been put to strange dissemblings, such as the poem "I was not born in 1856," and the critical volume entitled George Bernard Shaw, though this latter stratagem was almost given away by its uncontrollably mischievous subject, who reviewed it and began with the words, "This is the best book that has had its origin from me." And now the tragedy nears its climax; he finds himself relapsing without the drug, waking up on the sunniest mornings to the shocking discovery that he has become his wicked self overnight. Not even flight to Palestine and America can change for long the current of his destiny; and any day may bring the news that that powerful clutch of life has for the last time given way, that the genial, generous sophist with his vision of grand half-truths has disappeared, that from the unwilling partnership the element of glory has departed and only the penetrating, corrosive intelligence remains.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

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The Cooperative Movement

CAN the people manage their own affairs, or must they forever look to the state to govern them? Is it possible to win freedom from politics? These are questions which should come to the surface for frank examination now while governments are everywhere floundering in their troubled waters.

Mighty forces are at work clearing the way to such freedom. One of these is the cooperative organization of the people as consumers to carry on their own business and to do for themselves the things they want done. The cooperative movement is both a means and an end in the revolution now surging through the economic world.

It organizes the people, immediately in the present society, to take possession of industry. It sets the people working together to distribute and to produce for their own use. This means not only commodities, but everything that human beings need. It begins with distribution because distribution is the process which is nearest to the people as consumers. Experience has shown that the people can best learn to work together in supplying their more pressing needs. For this reason cooperative societies begin with the distribution of foods. The entering wedges are the grocery store, the meat-shop, and the bakery. Savings are accumulated for purposes of expansion. As experience is obtained in administering their own business, the cooperative societies enter all the fields of merchandising; then these distributive societies federate to form the wholesale society; and finally the wholesale proceeds to manufacture. Thus have grown up some of the greatest distributive and manufacturing enterprises in the world, owned and administered by the people to supply their needs.

When the consumers reach the point of production, they are producing for their own consumption. The circle is then completed, and in that particular field the revolution in industry is attained. In cooperation, from the social standpoint, commodities are produced for use and not for profit. From the standpoint of efficiency, commodities are produced for a known clientele of consumers who control the production; speculative exploitation of the consumers is eliminated; over-production and under-production are obviated. Then comes the cooperative administration of lines of transportation and means of communication; and so the people proceed to the organization of their own housing, banking, insurance, medical care, recreation and education.

The ability of the people to do these things is proved. All of these functions are already being conducted cooperatively on a large scale. The largest distributive businesses in Great Britain and Germany at the present time are those of the cooperative societies, and some of the biggest factories in those countries are owned by the cooperative wholesale societies. In different parts of Europe, schools, colleges, coal mines, steamship lines, telephones, road building and postal administration are carried on by cooperative societies. In some countries the largest banking business has been developed by the cooperatives. In Europe today one third of the population is embraced in this steadily growing movement—and in Denmark and Switzerland, more than half of the population. Cooperation aims to continue this encroachment upon the field of profit-making business until ultimately the people in their own voluntary societies are actually performing all of their social functions themselves. In testimony to the ability of the people to achieve this goal is the fact that already in some parts of the world cooperative organizations have practically eliminated profit-making business over large areas, and the interest of the people as consumers is supreme.

But cooperation has not an unobstructed field for the fulfillment of its task. Political socialism is coming to the rescue of the state which is now under the domination of an apparently doomed economic system. Not only socialists, but also political actionists of the liberal, reform, and even reactionary parties, are all advocating an expansion of the political socialistic idea which aims to make the state so powerful and dominant that it becomes a veritable foster parent to its children, its citizens; its purpose being that we shall look to a great central machine to provide us with all the socially desirable and necessary things, instead of providing them ourselves.

The state is necessarily coercive, compulsory, and paternalistic. It may make the people happy and care-free. It may treat them well. But it may go wrong. The worst predicament in which the individual finds himself in relation to the state is that he cannot escape from it. Indeed, if his living and all his needs are supplied by the state, he may lose the will to escape. If the state decides upon a wrong policy, the people, bound to it by ties of livelihood and the obligations of patriotism, must perforce support it. Before the war the German state had gone far toward state socialism.

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It was doing for the people what they could in fact have been doing for themselves in their cooperative societies. Education, pensions, insurance, medical care and recreation, all of which the German state supplied, obliged the people to stand by it in time of need.

The greatest danger to the freedom of the people is a paternal government, commonly called a good government—the next greatest danger is a bad government. If it is true that that government is best which governs least, it is also true that that government is worst which governs most. One cannot get away from governments. If a man withdraws from the domination of one, another will rule him.

The supreme function of a government, good or bad, is self-preservation—to perpetuate its power, to hold fast to the right to rule. To serve the interest of the citizens is in truth a secondary matter, useful only as it contributes to the main purpose. The citizen is served only if serving him strengthens the government.

So far as the subject or citizen is concerned, it comes to the same thing whether he is sent to war by a Romanov or by a Wilson. The main thing is that he is deprived of his liberty—and gets his head shot off to boot. When the minions of an attorney general break into the citizen's house, steal his private papers, insult his wife and throw him into jail, the citizen is paying the price of having a government. These things come to pass not because the responsible officials are bad men, but because they are good servants of their respective governments, which are only doing the things necessary for their preservation.

Over against the governments of the world stands the cooperative movement. It is a free and voluntary society. If one does not like it one may resign from its membership. Cooperation must hold its members not by compulsion but by the obligations of self-interest and mutual respect. It thrives by virtue of its ability to serve—but force it will not use. The control of the movement rests wholly with the people. No state can attain to the perfection of democratic organization which can exist in cooperation. The only kind of state which approaches it is one which is willing to play the rôle of the parent or teacher, and which desires that the citizen, as in the case of the child or pupil, may be gradually weaned and graduated, and so develop the ability to carry on his own affairs without help.

The world is endangered by the political idea of capturing the state as a panacea for the ills that beset society. The easiest thing in the world is to say, "Capture the state, take over the industries, and administer them for the people." The hardest thing in the world is to carry through such a program. Voting at elections does not give the worker experience in administering industries; experience can be gained only by doing the thing.

When I buy from the private tradesman, who is running a business to make profit from my patronage, he gets the experience in administering that business; but when I join with my neighbors and we organize our own distributing business, we get the experience. And when many of my neighbors, and many groups in many lands, are thus united to carry on not only their own distributing enterprises but also to produce the commodities they distribute, then they are building the new society in which the motive of industry is service and not profits. And when they thus carry on not only the production and distribution of commodities but cooperatively provide for banking, insurance, housing, recreations, education, and health care, then they are living in the new society.

How shall the people secure control of the raw material, the natural resources of the soil? The cooperators are doing it. The British Cooperative Wholesale Society owns 40,000 acres of farm land in England, 10,000 acres of wheat land in Canada, and, with the Scottish Wholesale, 40,000 acres of tea plantations in Asia, to say nothing of the control of palm groves in Africa, currant farms in Greece, and vineyards in Spain. The people can get the capital. All the money in the United States passes through the hands of the workers five times a year. If they are organized as consumers, spend their wages with themselves, and save the profits which would otherwise go to the pockets of private business, they accumulate the very capital which constitutes the keystone of the system of profit-making business. Moreover, the worker's investment in his cooperative society yields an average return six times greater than the average return from investments in stocks and bonds.

The cooperative societies the world over are bringing these things to pass by the application of the following simple principles: (1) An economic organization in which each member has one vote irrespective of the amount of capital invested; (2) Invested capital receives, if any, a fixed minimum rate of interest; (3) Surplus-savings ("profits"), if any, are used for the common good, or returned in proportion to patronage as savings-returns ("dividends").

These conditions spell democracy of administration; they eliminate the profit motive; and ultimately they mean that service becomes the key that

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gains access to the good things that society has to offer. Twenty-four countries have national co-operative educational organizations and twenty have national cooperative wholesales. These are federated into the International Cooperative Alliance which will hold its tenth International Congress at Basel, Switzerland, in August of this year.

The cooperative societies are demonstrating that it is possible for the people—the consuming masses—to do the thing of which visionaries and idealists have dreamed. These organizations of the consumers are building a new social structure within the old. They are carrying on the peaceful revolution.

J. P. WARBASSE.

Like a Thief

TWO-THIRTY—a cloudy night, with a faint moon throwing little patches which shifted on my bedroom floor and fell dimly on the grass of the vacant lot outside. It was quiet out of doors; no wind, no noise. Why did I feel that curious stillness which seemed almost to lap the atmosphere?

Two-thirty-three; and then the drama. The stage was marvellously set.

A vacant lot outside my bedroom window, pitch-black except where the moon struck light through the trees and made shadows on the grass. Pitch-black except for the white places, but emphatically so in the east end, by the alley. Over there, a rectangular black shadow stuck out where a Negro's cottage across the alley threw down its shape while it slept. And out of the blackness came the words of the drama.

"What do you want, comin' lak a thief an' poundin' all night at mah dooh?" The words were muffled, as though they were spoken through tears, behind the closed door.

For a short space there was silence. Then the door of the Negro's cottage was pushed open wide. I heard the scraping noise, but still I could not see for the blackness.

Again the words of the drama. . . .

The woman's voice was stronger now, and there was a ring in it of desperate reckless courage. Full-throated, rich, dramatic in the way that the southeastern darky's can be, it came out from the pitch-blackness of the shadows and spread and flattened over the empty lot into my bedroom window.

"Ah tells you that Ah'm not goin' to stan' foah this goin's on eny longah! Ah don' stood it all las' summah, an' Ah stood it so fah this summah, an' Ah tells you that it's don' got to stop right naw. Do you think Ah'm afra'd, 'cause you knows Ah'm all alone in mah house, excep' foh mah two babies? The littles' one is a-hangin' to me naw, an' he's a-sayin': 'What does he want Ma? Will he go'n buhn ouh house down?'—An' non' of us don' slep' a bit fah three nights naw."

Silence gathered itself from the blackness and spread in over the night like a blanket.

"Do you think Ah'm afra'd, jus 'cause Ah'm a woman? Ah wants you to undahstan' that a woman's not a speck of a cawahd, an' Ah'm not goin' to stan' foh this one night longah! Ah'm not afra'd of you, you dirty, thevin' dog!"

The rich full voice became measured, and the words were separated by dashes of daring courage.

"An' Ah wants you to undahstan' that if eny man—e-n-y m-a-n, Ah says . . . comes one step into mah kitchen, Ah'll shoot until Ah knocks the lights out'n him!"

A long pause, then words that knocked again at the silence in the dark.

"They's plenty of people'll come, if Ah jus' calls. What do you think you can do to me? . . . Ah should think you'd feel kinda sheepish naw, you dirty, the'vin' cawahd!"

The door shut hard. Sound waves, started by the bang, spread through the heavy silence like water-ripples from the splash of a stone.

2:45, and black silence covered the yard. I settled back on my pillow again, and tried to clinch my mind into sleep. The tragedy of the Negro woman filled me; it lifted me through indignation up to the high places of condemnatory exaltation. It was criminal that I had not gone to help her; it was criminal that none in the neighborhood had gone. If a white woman had been exposed in that fearful way, all the men in the neighborhood would have rushed to help her. But the woman of this drama was colored. What could one do? There might be a lynching, and one could not risk the danger of being called in as witness to a colored trial. The selfishness and sadness and tragedy in the problem linked hands, then gripped my throat and my mind with the force of unreasoned things.

The door across the alley opened suddenly again, and the voice was heavy with fear.

"Ah sees where Ah won't get to sleep aga'n this night, too! Won' you jus' tell me what you wants, an' leav' me alon'? Ah'm not afra'd, Ah wants you to undahstan' that; but Ah'm sick an' ti'ad of this foolishness, an' Ah inten's foah you to go away. Ah cahn't go 'long all this summah witho't no sleep, an' Ah don't inten' to stan' foah it no longah!"

The words broke off with a scream. . . . "Mah God! Help! Help! Ah don' seen his face when

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he don' crossed McCallie Avenue, an' he's a white man! Help! Help!"

Her voice caught its echoes, and again there was silence.

Silence for a second only. The swift rush of a shadow slid over the light places on the grass. A chair in the little night-draped cottage over-turned with a bang. A dog across the alley barked twice; and the woman's voice took up the words of the drama.

"Mah God! Help! Help! It's the Klu Klux Klan! They's don' aftah me 'cause Ah don' moved neah a whit' neighbahhood! Help! Help!"

Then silence again, and blackness . . . except where the first graying of day came in behind the Ridge.

I settled back on my pillow, and tried to clinch my mind into sleep. The tragedy and the selfishness and the sadness in the Negro's problem linked hands and danced around me. Finally the sun stood up and stared down at the sleepy morning. The Negro's cottage, sound asleep, was tightly closed and shuttered.

My mind too was shuttered and closed, and the force of the unreasoned things twisted my thought into inaction. Tragedy alone lived in the world: its darkness became visible in the lazy morning. It seemed to stand behind the happiness which the sun thrust out, and to hold up its hands to catch the joy which might be forcing itself from men.

A block down, on McCallie, came rattling an early cart. At the top of his happy carefree voice the ragged colored driver was singing. The sun slanted down on him, and sat on the red ribbons of his mule's tattered old straw hat.

Farther on, I knew—perhaps a half-mile down McCallie—Tragedy stood and held up its hands to catch his song and destroy it.

MARGARET EVANS.

Apostate

From weariness I looked out on the stars
And there beheld them, fixed in throbbing joy,
Nor racked by such mad dance of moods as mars
For us each moment's grace with swift alloy.
And as they pierced the heavens' serene deep
An envy of that one consummate part
Swept me, who mock. Whether I laugh or weep,
Some inner silences are at my heart.
Cold shame is mine for all the masks I wear,
Belying that in me which shines and sings
Before Him, to face down man's alien stare—
A graceless puppet on unmeaning strings,
I that looked out, and saw, and was at rest,
Stars, and faint wings, rose-etched along the west.

LEONIE ADAMS.

What's the Matter with Europe?

SOME years ago, in the Age of the Populist Uprising in Kansas, now recalled in handbooks of American political geology by reference to such fossils as Senator Peffer, Sockless Jerry Simpson and Mary Lease, William Allen White printed in the Emporia Gazette an article entitled What's the Matter with Kansas? This article pointed out, rather vividly, some of the characteristics of the Populist episode in American political evolution. Incidentally, it discovered Mr. White to fame.

One of the outstanding incidents of this episode was the ringing advice of some Populist leader—I think it was Mary Lease—to the Kansas farmers "to raise less corn and more hell." To the measure of their capacity the Populists followed this advice. And it was not long before William Allen White felt himself justified in explaining, in as picturesque language as that in which the advice had been couched, just what the result of following the advice had been. It had made something very much the matter with Kansas.

I am reminded of all this by what I see and hear in moving about over Europe this summer. For the principal immediate reason for what is the matter with Europe just now—I leave aside the ultimate reason of a recent war—is lack of production, especially industrial production. And making things in factories is to most of Europe what raising corn is to the Kansas farmers.

Matters have curiously combined to make both operators and operatives in Europe exhibit a common shyness as regards production. There are two principal reasons for this, one for the attitude of the workmen, the other, a double one, for the attitude of the factory owners.

As a means of relieving the distress of the workmen, necessarily unemployed in the first months after the end of the war when the huge munitions factories suddenly ceased work and readjustments from war time to peace time production were being made, practically all of the European governments undertook to pay doles to unemployed workmen and their families. In Belgium this was also done on an extensive scale all during the war, as there could be no work for the Belgian workmen shut up in their country during the occupation.

Now starting a relief measure, such as this payment for "chomage," is not difficult, but stopping it is. And Europe has not yet been able to stop it. It is a matter that quickly gets into politics, and any government that takes too bold a step toward cutting off these payments to the unem-

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ployed, risks being quickly turned out of power. Besides, unless the factory owners are in position, by reason of having orders, to warrant going ahead full speed, and are able to obtain raw materials for cash or credit for this going ahead, the sudden cessation of payments to the unemployed would really create genuine distress among the laboring men. Since the factory owners are, as a matter of fact, not in position to maintain a full and continuous running of their factories, the payments for "chomage" have to continue. But the longer they do continue the more demoralizing they are to the European workmen, among whom idleness is becoming a pleasant and remunerative profession.

The reason the factory owners cannot keep their factories going is a double one; it comes from the uncertainty of prices and the uncertainty of the exchange. The uncertainty of prices, with a general feeling on the part of buyers that prices are to fall rather than rise, prevents advance orders, at least of any size. And the uncertainty of the exchange rates—they fluctuate daily and often wildly—puts both buyers and sellers in a position of nearly complete helplessness as regards orders and sales for future payment. No manufacturer knows what he will get in money value for an order accepted today for payment on delivery of the goods. Nor does any buyer know what he will have to pay, in actual value of money, when he places an order for delivery in a week or month. Hence, there simply are no orders. The retailers will not buy from the wholesalers except from day to day in minimum quantities, and the wholesalers can give the factories no assurance of taking from them at any given time any considerable amount of output.

The exchange difficulty is not primarily—although popularly held to be—that Belgian and French francs and Italian lire and German and Austrian marks and crowns are worth so much less in gold than they were before the war—although that of course makes difficulties about purchasing raw materials abroad—but it is that these various money units have no fixed or continuing value. It is the uncertainty, rather than the lowness of the exchange rate, that prevents production. It makes all business a pure gamble.

The situation this summer is really critical. There has been a steady falling off of production all over Europe, except perhaps in Germany, ever since the early spring. Business men are aghast; labor is clinging desperately to war-time wages and doles for unemployed; governments are rocking.

Production is at a standstill, that is what is the matter with Europe today. Of course there are other things; international politics, balance of power, continuing militarism—Belgium, with a population of seven and a half million, is maintaining an army as large as that of one hundred million America; France, with two-fifths of our population, has an army three times as large as ours. And there is all the rest of the carry-over of difficulties from a war of effects beyond conception and a peace impossible of practical achievement. But the immediate matter with Europe, and a matter that demands immediate amelioration, is the matter of "no orders," as the business man puts it, giving, thus, the situation and the reason for it in one breath. The political economist would call it lack of production due to—etc., etc. Being neither business man nor political economist I would describe it by saying that Europe is too faithfully following Mary Lease's advice to the Kansas farmers: Europe is raising too much hell and too little corn.

Zurich. VERNON KELLOGG.

Russian Intelligentzia and the Revolution

RUSSIAN sociologists differed as to the precise definition of the term "intelligentzia." The prevailing opinion considered the intelligentzia a class by itself, a pecupeculiar social formation, quite disconnected from the propertied classes. What made an educated man a member of the intelligentzia in the strictly Russian sense of the word, was not a minimum of knowledge, a profession, or a school diploma. The army officer, the government official, the priest, the conservative publicist, the college-bred manufacturer, were not commonly classed with the intelligentzia proper. The term intelligentzia, vague as it was, embraced only those intellectuals who cherished an ideal of social justice. We, Russian intelligentzia, actually believed ourselves to be the conscience of the Russian nation. For a century or more we defied tzardom, serfdom, wage slavery, inequality of every kind. We worshipped at the shrine of the "people," meaning the common worker and the common peasant, the illiterate, the humble. In fact, we believed the "people" to be the bearers of the most lofty social ideals. We braved the oppressors of the people in open conflict, ready to suffer prison and exile. We were proud of our mission and sang hymns to our own souls. For were we not creators of everything that was fine in old Russia, and were we not the most ardent dreamers of a kingdom of freedom, truth, and beauty?

What an awakening!

Here they came, the masses. Rude people. Workmen with heavy fists and crude speech. Peasants like clods of earth. Soldiers savage with passion. An uncouth, unmannered, almost illiterate crowd. They wished to rule. They actually seized the power of the state, determined to make laws to suit themselves. They were in deadly earnest about the revolution which we had so eloquently advocated and so beautifully longed for. When we saw those

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"abysmal brutes" approaching, we became frightened. We did not even wait to see what the brutes would do with their newly won power. We did not try to influence their decisions. We just screamed. We stamped our feet and cursed and prophesied evil, and while we were engaged in this useful pursuit we did not notice that the ship of state had moved quickly ahead over turbulent waters, while we, miserable outcasts, remained on shore. And there most of the Russian intelligentzia finds itself even to this day. People talk of dispossessed landlords and expelled factory owners. Truly, their tragedy is nothing compared with the anguish of the intelligentzia's soul.

Let any unbiased reader try to draw conclusions from a document which was read by Mr. Martov, a menshevist leader, on September 18th, 1917, before the democratic conference called to strengthen the central government of Russia. It is a resolution which expressed the opinion of all the socialist and semisocialist parties that were connected with the Soviets in the first summer of the revolution. I quote it in excerpts.

> "The Councils of workmen's, soldiers' and peasants' deputies [Soviets], called into being in the first days of the revolution through a momentous outburst of genuine creative power of the people, have formed the new tissue of revolutionary state organization which has replaced the worn out tissues of the old régime. All the political self-government of the nation has been and is being done, through the medium of the Soviets. Eo ipso the Soviets have become, all over Russia, the real bearers of the idea of the people's sovereignty; they are the organs which actually materialize the idea of a democratic republic and practically concentrate in their hands the local state power . . . At the same time, however, the central [provisional] government is still constructed on the basis of a coalition with the undemocratic propertied classes. This coalition . . . has fatally doomed the central government to inactivity, to a policy of zigzags and vacillations, to a growing alienation from the masses, to a gradual loss of confidence on the part of those masses . . . Entering into an ever sharper conflict with the consciousness of the people and with the organs of revolutionary democracy, the central power has become more and more irresponsible, independent from the control of revolutionary democracy; by the same token it has become more and more dependent upon the capitalist classes with their auxiliary cliques which have an interest in halting and suppressing the further development of a democratic revolution."

Therefore, the resolution makes an appeal "to repudiate every agreement with the propertied elements, every irresponsible power, whether of an individual or of a body, and to exert every effort to create a truly revolutionary power capable of solving the urgent problems of the revolution and responsible before the full-fledged representatives of the working masses, pending the convocation of the Constituent Assembly . . . Only such a power," says the resolution, "will be able to save the country and the revolution from the dangers that threaten them within and without, and will maintain the enthusiasm and the self-sacrificing spirit of the masses amidst the gravest trials."

The only logical conclusion to be drawn from this statement is that the Soviets, "the new tissue of the revolutionary state organization," should form the central government and thus "save the country and the revolution." This was actually accomplished five weeks later. One would expect that those who signed the above resolution would congratulate "revolutionary democracy" on this valiant deed. However, when the second Soviet congress declared itself the only power in Russia, all the socialist groups, excepting the Bolsheviki and the Socialist-Revolutionaries of the left, indignantly withdrew. An open and unbounded hatred for the workmen's and peasants' organization marked the utterances of all the organized intellectual groups. In blind fury they now issued one appeal after another branding the October revolution as a crime, a fraud, an act of treachery, a menace to the revolution, an unloosing of all mean passions, a disruption of the nation. They joined hands with the propertied classes to save the provisional government which they had so bitterly denounced. The Safety Committee, in its appeal of October 26th, declared the seizure of power by the Soviets "an unheard of crime against the fatherland," a civil war "fraught with the indescribable horrors of anarchy and counter-revolution," and begged the citizens "to disobey the orders of the oppressors." The appeal was faithfully carried out by the intelligentzia of all denominations. The very men and women who had been "serving the cause of the people" now went on strike against the government of workmen and peasants. The state employees refused to work under the Soviets. I have before me a series of resolutions passed in October and November by the employees of various government departments and ministries, by city employees, railway administration clerks, unions of bank employees, the clerks of a number of factories and plants, all filing their protest "against the criminal usurpers of power" and declining to work with the new administration. Similar resolutions were passed by unions of engineers, associations of editors, judges, the clergy, teachers, university professors, university students, journalists, authors. The Russian intelligentzia put up a solid front against the new order. The more active of them declared a fight to the finish against the Soviet phase of the revolution.

The outside observer is baffled by this sudden change of front. What happened? The Constituent Assembly had not yet been dismissed. The new policy of the Soviet government contained nothing that had not been advocated by one intellectual group or another. The Brest-Litovsk treaty was yet far off. The peace offer was a necessity dictated by the utter collapse of the army. Why, then, these thunderings against the new power? Surely, it was not an excess of love for democratic formalities that aroused the scorn of the cultured, since the provisional government had avowedly lost its social foundation whereas the Soviets represented millions of organized citizens of Russia. It was the simple fact that under the provisional government the power was in the hands of the intelligentzia which *represented* the various groups and classes, whereas under the Soviet system the masses were in actual possession of power. "Democracy" vs. Soviet rule meant supremacy of the intelligentzia vs. supremacy of the organized workers and soldiers and peasants. The intelligentzia could not go against its own class interests. This accounts for their hatred, for the cry for intervention, for Merezhkovsky and Filosofov and Gippius, leaders of the intelligentzia par excellence, helping the Polish army against Russia.

An appalling struggle raged the first year or so after October. In justice let us not be hard on the intelligentzia. It went through evil times. A victorious proletariat had no reason to spare its foes, and did not handle them with gloves. Humiliations were heaped on the gentle and the cultured, suppression followed after expropriation. It seemed like the end of the world to opponents of the Soviets.

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They were sincere in their hatred. It was not their fault that they had not grasped the trend and meaning of the revolution. History had offered them a splendid opportunity to be the leaders of a great nation that was emerging from obscurity into the fierce light of creation. They had allowed themselves to be captured by the hollow slogans of French and English imperialistic politicians. They had disregarded the irresistible rush of their people for immediate peace. They had magnificently dismissed the physical impossibility of continuing the war. They had become enmeshed in technicalities and endless discussions at a time when it was imperative to act. They had postponed the Constituent Assembly till it became too late. They had refused to distribute the land among the peasants till the latter took the law into their own hands. They failed to notice the approaching storm till it broke over their heads. They delivered sonorous orations through Kerensky, flesh of their flesh, when the ground was already slipping from under their feet. They were sincere all the time, but they were pathetically inept. When the storm let loose, they denounced the storm.

When I arrived in Russia I found that the sharpest edges of the conflict had worn off. On the one hand, sheer economic necessity had compelled most of the intelligentzia to look for jobs, and since all the jobs were concentrated in the hands of the government, the intelligentzia perforce became part of the Soviet régime. On the other hand, proletarian dictatorship had learned the value of a trained mind and accumulated knowledge; it had grown to realize that a university professor must not necessarily be treated like a lumberman or a blacksmith. There was a modus vivendi of a sort between the "usurpers of power" and intellectual opponents. The army was employing hosts of former officers, using their knowledge and giving a meaning to their existence. The industrial establishments as well as the industrial administration gave work to a great number of engineers. Physicians and nurses had their hands full, combating disease and epidemics. The rapid expansion of the educational system created an enormous demand for teachers and professors. Soviet bureaux were full of intellectuals. At the beginning of this year, no member of the intelligentzia seemed to be idle. Research work was being conducted in the quiet of laboratories and libraries. Food rations for intellectual activities were, on the whole, larger than those given for manual labor. And yet, aside from a few devoted friends of the new régime, aside from a group of intellectual workers quite indifferent to the political system, the intelligentzia as a class was being gnawed by impotent hatred and a corrosive self-pity.

It was a depressing sight. The Russian intelligentzia lived in a thick fog of complaint. All the economic misery which to an unprejudiced observer is largely an outcome of the war and the blockade, was blamed entirely on the wicked Bolsheviki. All the rumors which, quite obviously, exaggerated the severity of the administration, were taken as gospel truth. All the errors of a new administration working under the most adverse conditions, were multiplied a thousand times and relished as if they were a special boon to the poor outraged intelligentzia. If the government hastened its course towards nationalization, it was branded as utopian; if it gave more freedom to private initiative, it was blamed for abandoning the principles of communism. If the army was victorious, the ruthless discipline was venomously criticized; if the army yielded before the enemy, the incapability of the rulers was pointed at with malicious joy. The intelligentzia kept itself, mentally, outside of all the destructive and constructive work that was accomplished in Russia during the revolution. It was entirely outside of the social revolution. When not actually fighting the new order, it was morose. When it was forced to do work, it did so in the slack spirit of a servant who does not care a straw for the welfare of his master.

It is not the lack of comforts alone that accounts for this trend of mind. The lack of comforts is in most cases only a pretext. The Russian intelligentzia never wallowed in luxury, and there are many who now live comparatively better than before the revolution. The students, of whom, in pre-war times, eighty-five per cent had to earn their living, and of whom a large part were on the brink of starvation, are by no means worse off, what with free bread rations, free lodging and free tuition. The young scholar who in former times had to wait decades for a chair and who now receives an appointment at once, has certainly gained by the revolution. Thousands of state employees of all denominations occupy positions they could not have dreamt of in years gone by. If, nevertheless, the intelligentzia is profoundly unhappy, it is primarily because it has lost its leading rôle. Spiritual, political and cultural hegemony slipped out of its hands. One may argue that the Bolsheviki are also an intellectual group. This might have been true ten years ago when the Bolshevik party consisted of small organizations of conspirators. Today, eighty per cent of the Communists are workers and peasants and what is being done is all in the name and on behalf of the workers and peasants. The intelligentzia has been reduced to the level of hired specialists serving the ends of the state and of the powers that control the state. This is nothing new in America, but this is exactly why the Russians think that America has not yet created an intelligentzia of its own.

It is class opposition to proletarian rule that is at the bottom of the intellectual despair in Russia. The consciousness of the fact that the intelligentzia missed its great opportunity in the summer of 1917, does not add to its comfort. The necessity of doing work under the rule of another class which it considers inferior in all but physical power, is even more destructive to its morale. What makes the bitterness more poignant is the lack of an ideal. It is impossible to confess even to oneself that one craves for the restoration of capitalism. It is hard for a man who has been thinking of himself as a socialist and a radical, to be identified with counter-revolution. It is harder to find the enemy victorious and to see no way out of the fix. Open battle might be one way. It has been tried by many groups, notably by Socialist-Revolutionaries of the centre and the right. But open battle necessitates cooperation with such flowers of the old régime as monarchist generals, landlords with slave-driving proclivities, pogrom instigators, robbers of the people's treasury, even common bandits and the mercenaries of French imperialists, and the average honest Russian intellectual abhors an alliance of this flavor. All that remains for him is to brood, whine, and lose the former dignity and beauty of his soul.

It is evident that new Russia had to create for itself a new intelligentzia out of the new class that came into power. The task could not be accomplished in two or three years. Yet much of the most responsible constructive work is being done by the new men who arose from the mass of the peasants and workers, and an enormous work of education and training is under way in order to increase the quantity and quality of these new men.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Promise of Independence?

SIR: Apropos of your paragraph on Philippine Independence in your issue of July 20th, I am astonished that the New Republic, which usually so carefully analyses the utterances of "leaders," was so gullible as to give credence to such a statement as that of the arch-professional politician Quezon. Do you not know that which is now common knowledge that Quezon on the eve of the arrival of the Wood-Forbes mission in Manila asked for a passport enabling him to travel in Spain which was peremptorily refused by the government? Did he wish to go the way of the ex-president of the Philippine National Bank, who is now quietly visiting China?

I have lived in the Philippines for some years and am in no ways to be classed as an imperialist—in fact I have always considered myself the contrary. But I ask in perfect candor:

1. In what way does the present form of government which the Filipinos now enjoy (or do not enjoy) hinder the full development of any national aspirations which the natives may have?

2. Just when and how did the United States Government "promise" independence to the Philippine Islands?

3. Are the Philippine Islands of any benefit financially to the United States Government or any individual of this nation any more so or to any greater extent than that which any other foreign country would be?

4. If Quezon's admission that the Filipinos have "made a mess" of things is correct how can we give them absolute independence and still retain American supervision over their economic and financial affairs?

Washington. ANONYMOUS.

1. That the "full development of any national aspirations" and foreign supervision typified by the choice of General Wood as governor cannot live side by side in the same island we hold to be self-evident.

2. The most explicit promise is in these words of the Jones Act (passed August 29, 1916): ". . . it is, as it has always been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein . . ." which last condition Governor-General Harrison, and President Wilson (in his message of December 7, 1920) considered had already been fulfilled.

3. Yes. Because the United States enjoys, over all other countries, a majority of the Philippine import trade. In 1899 American imports into the Islands were 7 per cent of the total imports, but this ratio has been growing ever since, until in 1920 it was 62 per cent.

4. "Making a mess of things" is a relative term. Nobody is going to take away the independence of the United States on account of the Shipping Board. Between American "help" and "supervision" in Philippine departments there is a difference, and this kind of help and independence—alsolute, 100 per cent, legal independence, are not incompatible. A former colonel of engineers in the United States army, lent by our government, is largely responsible for what order there exists in the railways of Poland today. And anyhow, our point was that the candor of Mr. Quezon was remarkable, and entitled to respect. —THE EDITORS.

Fusion—In Name Only

SIR: Your editorial The Obstacle to Fusion Success is based on the same fallacy that so often leads reformers to the rocks. It assumes that the "super-class" is alone interested in clean and efficient government.

Your statement that the opponents of Mayor Hylan "include practically all New Yorkers who are interested in a clean, efficient government and who are intelligently devoted to the social welfare of the people of New York or to the honest and businesslike administration of their public affairs" is the typical reform insincerity that gets plain people mad and eggs them on to vote anti-highbrow—sometimes against their own interests.

Fusion has little chance this year—not because the people don't care what kind of government they have—but because it is a fusion in name only. The quest was not for the best "available" man. "Available" meant satisfactory to the Republican leaders. There was never any serious effort made to draft such a man as Alfred E. Smith or Frank L. Polk (I fully realize how difficult it is to get such men to make the run).

You say that if the fusion ticket is not elected "the fair inference will be not that this particular ticket was weak, but that no Fusion candidates could have succeeded." Fusion defeat will mean nothing of the kind. Henry Curran is a splendid fellow and sincerely devoted to the interests of the city, but he is a second rater. He is not in the same class as Smith, Polk or Cropsey, or Mitchel or Gaynor. If only second raters are "available" then the choice is an excellent one. But why a second rater for the position next in importance to the Presidency of the United States?

Cropsey is sufficiently orthodox to satisfy the blackest of Republicans, but too independent to suit the leaders. He is able, courageous, gets at once to the meat of things and is no respecter of persons—there lies the rub. The independence that bars his candidacy is the very thing that would get the votes.

Cropsey would have an issue—the same issue that Mitchel had in 1913—clean, able, fearless administration of the city government. Curran has no issue. He stands with the Mayor on transit and in opposition to the domination of the Legislature. Can you blame the people for preferring the uncouth man who has stood staunch for the fundamentals, to the cultured man who is in many respects affiliated with the Albany regime?

You are mistaken in thinking that the "better elements" elected Mitchel. The bankers and big business men were opposed. He was too radical. They preferred McCall. The Republican machine would have thrown him over had it dared. Had Gaynor lived it might have done so.

Labor, the mechanic, the small business man, the progressive, the "man in the street" elected Mitchel. And they elected him because he did represent clean, able and progressive government. When you say "The mass of the voters in New York City neither understood nor sympathized with the ideals which Mr. Mitchel embodied" you are getting into deep water. It was because they sympathized with his ideals that they gave so tremendous a majority and, rightly or wrongly (wrongly most of us think) it was because they felt that he did not live up to those ideals that they turned him out.

John Mitchel was, in every way, a big man. Had he lived he would have "come back" a great national leader. The Presidency itself was not out of question. His drubbing at the hands of Mayor Hylan was not wholly undeserved. It would have brought him back to where he started in 1913 as the champion of the plain people and of progressive ideals. It was the "better element" that killed, for the time being, the political chances of John Mitchel.

Fusion will not go to defeat because the plain people lack either ideals or intelligence but because they hate sham, and like the "better element" and all the rest of us, dislike being preached at.

Brooklyn. LOUIS H. PINK.

P. S. I was a member of the Executive Committee of the Committee of 107 that nominated Mitchel in 1913.

The German Students' Peace League

SIR: I learn from Alfred Schneyder, president of the German Students' Peace League (Deutscher Pazifistischer Studentenbund) that the various student groups devoted to opposition to militarism and centralization in Germany are now consolidated in one.

These devoted young men are much in need of financial help for lectures and publications and like-minded people in the United States ought to aid them. Conferences and pamphlets are cheaper than battleships and more effective. A few thousand dollars spent on strenghtening similar organizations from 1908 to 1914, might have saved civilization from wreckage. If Europe is yet to be rescued young men of abiding principles must do the work and the rest of us should help.

Before there is a real league of nations there must be in all countries thousands of men and women in dead earnest in support of the basis on which all durable peace must stand.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stamford University, California.

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The Confederate Constitution

SIR: A few weeks ago we noticed favorable comment by one of your editors on the suggestion that cabinet members be allowed to appear on the floor of Congress for the purpose of explaining matters connected with their various departments.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to have their attention called to the constitution of the Confederate States of America. Article I, section 6, provided that "Congress may by law grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either house with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department." Such an amendment to our own constitution would put the executive departments and the legislative members of our government into closer touch.

Another provision of the Confederate constitution which would be well worth our consideration is section 7 of the same Article, which reads: "The President may approve any appropriation in the same bill," the items to be properly designated and in regard to those disapproved the "same proceeding shall then be had as in case of other bills disapproved by the President." This is quite different from the provisions of our constitution which places the President in the dilemma of accepting or rejecting the entire appropriation bill, good or bad.

A third provision of the Confederate constitution, aimed to protect the treasury against political raids, is contained in section 8 of the same Article, which says "Congress shall appropriate no money from the treasury except by a vote of two-thirds of both houses, taken by yeas and neas, unless it be asked and estimated for by some one of the heads of departments and submitted to Congress by the President." The expenses of Congress and claims proven before a court of claims were excepted from this provision.

Yet another interesting provision of the Confederate constitution was that it provided that the President could not put into office by a "recess appointment" the same man whom the Senate had refused to confirm when in session. As we all know, our presidents have used the "recess appointment" time and again.

The Confederate constitution was very similar to that adopted by the original states. The differences which were made were either to clear up disputed points which had arisen during the administration of the government, to make clear the rights of slave owners, or to introduce innovations which the experience at that time had showed to be needful and beneficial. The provisions cited above all come under the last class.

Orangeburg, South Carolina. HENRY R. SIMS.

Agenda for the Conference

SIR: The Disarmament Conference on November 11th has been convened for the avowed purpose of discussing outstanding international issues, relating to the Pacific, and within the jurisdiction of the United States of America, Great Britain, France, Japan, and China: upon the basis of which discussion it is proposed to secure a concerted reduction of military and of naval armament on the part of the nations participating.

A few considerations—such as the following—are evidently pertinent.

I. That the Conference be confined to securing a satisfactory program of armament reduction, arranging to cover the ground of preparation for the forming of an Association of Nations, at another Conference following it, to which all accredited nations shall be invited to send representatives. Nothing will be gained by attempting to cover too much ground at the initial Conference. Anything like a partisan attempt to secure advantage for a group of nations must give way to a statesmanlike inclusion of all the nations, (following reduction by the five) that there may be union in disarmament, and in efforts to secure a guarantee of world peace. A few nations cannot speak for all. Any attempt to set up the judgment of a part of the world against another part of it, will introduce elements irrelevant to the situation, and produce results unfavorable to a world program of disarmament and world order.

II. Provision for at least a fifty per cent reduction in existing armament, and in that in preparation, after elimination by agreement of types in use clearly of doubtful value, should be made, to be carried to completion within two years.

III. Provision for learning the condition of public opinion, should be made by informal exchanges, by submitting tentative programs to the Press, in the nations concerned, in time for intelligent conclusions to be arrived at. Any attempt to monopolize the Conference for group, or for party ends, thus will be guarded against. These steps should be taken promptly, to enable the representatives of the peoples concerned to act intelligently, in consonance with the public sentiment of their nations, at the Conference.

IV. Provision for a second Conference on Disarmament, to continue the work of the first, need not be arranged separately from the one for securing an Association of Nations, but such continuous effort toward disarmament among the nations concerned in the forthcoming Conference, at Washington, D. C., should be regarded as necessary, and should become an integral part of the work of the second one.

Grand Blanc, Michigan. CASSEN E. PARSONS.

A Missouri Kaiser in Porto Rico

SIR: Has the attention of the lovers of liberty in this country been called to the recent inaugural address of the Hon. E. Mont Reilly of Kansas City, Missouri, as governor of Porto Rico? Had Kaiser Wilhelm delivered himself of such sentiments to some freshly conquered province, no incongruity could be found in the tone of the announcement. This modern Imperator, in his salutatory, indicated his pleasure in no uncertain terms. "Give up all thought of ever being independent," he bluntly proclaimed, "so long as Old Glory waves over the United States, it will wave over Porto Rico." In these few words our Missouri Kaiser stamped a rude and heavy foot upon any pretty words that his flock might have heard about self-determination and government by the consent of the governed. In due time they will learn that we reserve these democratic maxims for patriotic orations and for peoples beyond our jurisdiction, like Egypt or Ireland.

Further pronouncements were made by this All Highest: for example, that no agitator against the form of government he represented would be permitted to remain in Porto Rico—which means that the inhabitants may make no effort towards greater or complete independence, such as the Filipinos are agitating for; and deportation was intimated as the penalty of disobedience. Moreover these former subjects of Spain were warned that they must make no attempt to adopt a flag to mark their nationality. What punishment would be visited upon some gray-haired Barbara Fritchie who dared wave a native flag from her window when our Missouri Imperator came riding by at the head of his guards, we do not like to contemplate.

"You shall have but one language," spake furthermore the new Lord of the Isle. "There shall be no language but English taught in the primary schools." Thus was the ancestral Spanish tongue of this former Spanish colony summarily disposed of, just as Kaiser Wilhelm proclaimed that he would stamp out the Polish provinces. Whether our Missouri Kaiser will resort to the punishments that Wilhelm adopted against the Poles, of whipping children and imprisoning parents who dared to disobey, we do not yet know, but we do know that the timid Porto Ricans have heard the voice of one apparently annointed by the Lord as the imperial master of their destinies and that they listened to his irrevocable commandments.

Cape Girardeau, Missouri. L. R. JOHNSON.

Did John Burroughs Write to You?

SIR: Dr. Clara Barrus, literary executor and authoritative biographer of the late John Burroughs, asks that all persons owning interesting letters from Mr. Burroughs will communicate with her at Woodchuck Lodge, Roxbury, N. Y. All letters sent will be promptly copied, or extracted from, and returned to the owners. CLARA BARRUS.

Roxbury, New York.

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After the Play

IT would be a little feeble, intellectually, to say that I like most of all the tone, the atmosphere, of Dulcy, the three-act comedy by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, now playing at the Frazee Theatre in New York. What is tone, or atmosphere, after all? I should like to say: Tone, Sir (or Madam), is the medium of personality in which a particular scene or object is bathed. It is not the plot, or even the idea behind the plot. It is the light that pours around the picture and gives the picture its values and accents. I should like to say this, and pass rapidly on. But words like "personality," "medium," "object," "value," are rather in the nature of hoax. And as for "atmosphere," the word is as hollow as the credit system and as capricious as the antics of exchange. If something in an article that appears in, say, the New Age jars, baffles, harasses, confuses, inflames or affronts you, and yet you cannot objectify your irritation, it is very serviceable to be able to say, "Well, I don't like the *tone*. Don't think the tone is quite right." The word seems expressive but it isn't really expressive. The man who is guilty of murder (a dentist, say) usually finds something in the tone of the District Attorney that seems to him curiously unsympathic, even hostile. Why can't District Attornies cultivate a less aggressive and obnoxious tone. Is it a question of the ordinary noisiness that goes with oratorical effort? No, alas, because if the District Attorney has a soft method, then he is suave, sibillant, insinuating and slimy—a man with a sinister tone. The word tone is, in short, a wrapper for your propaganda. If you dislike the other fellow's "tone" it is because you dislike the force, the jab, of his arguments. The light that bathes a picture isn't an impalpable, it is a palpable object. To take refuge in impalpable "tone" is to shirk the gay labor of discrimination.

So, discarding tone and atmosphere as mere disguises for my propaganda in favor of Dulcy, let me attempt to indicate why I like this comedy. I confess that I think the plot has no slavish relation to life. The idea of a jewelry combine is all right, and it is all right that Dulcy should ask to her house C. Roger Forbes, Mrs. Forbes and Angela Forbes, the combine-maker and his family. A New York wife would be exceedingly likely to ask a capitalist on a week-end party to her little $1000 a month shack, if she thought the capitalist were necessary to her husband. How many parties like that haven't we seen, with the economically inferior young things sitting on the edges of their chairs, while the armor-plated, gold-plated guests (or hosts) yawned, or looked snuffy, or brooded, or growled. It always surprises me at such parties that Dun and Bradstreet is not open on a side-table with the guests served according to their rating. But, while this Dulcy party is real enough, the device of Schuyler Van Dyck, the rival jewelry-combine man who "happens in"—that is cottonseed oil in the dramatic salad. It is invention on the cheap. Of course, it isn't serious. Of that excuse I am already aware, but even the fact that Schuyler Van Dyck turns out to be a lunatic doesn't make the plot itself particularly interesting. The real wittiness of the situation, that a lunatic conveys just as much sense of responsibility and business acumen as a great capitalist and is quite indistinguishable from a great capitalist and in fact is never accepted as a lunatic by the other capitalist (who ought to know)—this wittiness is only faintly promoted by the authors themselves. So it isn't their standard-make, fashion-fit plot that makes Dulcy so charming.

Nor is it, altogether, the fact that Dulcy is the queen of platitude, F. P. A's Dulcinea, the girl with the humanoid mind. That was a pungent element in one's pleasure, the lick of garlic, but Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly very wisely converted Dulcy from the world's most perfect exponent of familiar quotation, the Bartlett of Suburbia, to a kind of Mrs. Malaprop whose "I always think" went in with some enormous fatuity in action. In their management of this fatuity, connected for the most part with her efforts to cultivate her husband's prospects, the authors happily though barely avoided the pitfall of satire and landed Dulcy into the exquisitely narrow but fully delightful role of comedy.

The satire was there. It was devoted to walloping two of America's most awful spiritual afflictions—the advertising "engineer" (ad. man) and the "scenarist" (moving picture productionist). The zest with which the audience enjoyed the exposure of these two specimens of current Americana made me wonder when we'd see the American Legion in comedy, and the editors of the Casket, and the publishers of Vogue, and the humanitarian Americans in countries without publicity, engaged in prophylaxis. But these last would only do for burlesque.

Dulcy as a person to laugh at and yet to like—that was Miss Lynn Fontanne's aim, and she hit it. She was helped greatly by Mr. Gregory Kelly as her laconic young brother. She was deftly aided by Mr. Gilbert Douglas as the bland Schuyler Van Dyck and vigorously supported by Mr. Wallis Clark as the grouchy capitalist. She was seconded by Mr. John Westley as her restrained, distracted, loyal husband, and liberally relieved by Mr. Howard Lindsay as the awful movie man and by Mr. Elliott Nugent as the snappy young ad. man. But all this remarkable combination would have been no good if Miss Fontanne had not talked, walked, laughed and hushed her part as the compleat feminine idiot, with the able connivance of her authors. Her laugh, the only thing about her likely to become stagey, suggested Miss Laurette Taylor. But the rest, so piquant, so needfully attractive, so well spaced, was her definitely intelligent self. It is, perhaps, a slight performance, a performance on a reed-pipe. But Miss Fontanne's reed is the right instrument here, and to master the perfect instrument is—well, perfection.

The authors' engaging "tone," it seems to me, consisted in just the degree of friendly superiority which they gave to their audience in revealing to them Dulcy's hopeless predicaments. Could we help being superior to her when she tackled Mr. Forbes so outrageously about the sixteen and two-third per cent, or when she silenced everybody during the music and then handed around a box of candy, or when she manipulated the hapless elopement of the capitalist's daughter, or made Mr. Forbes play bridge and promised him golf to torture his lumbago? These ineptitudes piled up, almost too high, our consciousness of the authors' pleasant understanding of things. And then, with beautiful management on the part of this very natural and unforced actress, the balance was gently won over to her side. This change was needed and it came in time. The authors conveyed a feeling of blitheness and leniency, which Miss Fontanne never imperilled. Hence Dulcy glowed to a pretty end.

A great comedy? Not precisely. But a very skilful and charming arrangement to meet the harmless sense of being "on" which we, who read F. P. A., bring to the comedic theatre.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

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Erik Dorn

Erik Dorn, by Ben Hecht. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CLEVER men, for some reason, are supposed to be brittle, supposed to be incapable of sustained and intricate performance. Mr. Hecht's novel is striking evidence to the contrary. It has the glassy sharpness of line which distinguished Mr. Hecht's short pieces in the Little Review. It has the same air of biting gaiety. It is tipped with the same bitterness and mockery. It has the same moonlit inhospitality. But far from falling in a rain of sharp fragments or a shower of firework stars, it whizzes with cold and elaborate ardor through the full length of 409 pages, with Erik Dorn illuminated in its virid radiance throughout. It is a story with the dynamic energy of a story, deterred only by those recurrent Maenadic gyrations that are necessary to relieve Mr. Hecht's feelings.

Erik Dorn's character is not, so to speak, seen in the round. As is so often the case with good first novels, Mr. Hecht is to a considerable extent involved with Erik Dorn and he does not emancipate himself sufficiently for us to see clearly where Mr. Hecht ends and Erik Dorn begins. The in-turning eye of Erik Dorn acquaints us with much that only the man himself could know; but there is no one else who sees Erik from without to carry us round the other side of him, the side we need for a truly objective judgment. But while this centres us, unfortunately enough, inside a very special kind of human being, the extraordinary sincerity of the view penetrates the reader with the presence of a strongly marked, highly organized personality, and keeps the reader hurrying with him to whatever end the adroit novelist has in mind. We have in this way the remarkable vision of the world, that is definitely Erik Dorn's, though without any line on Erik Dorn by which to compensate binocularly.

It is, one must admit, an ironic version of the American scene, as observed at first from a Chicago newspaper office. Erik Dorn is a man without any sympathetic relation to the country in which he lives or the people who fill it. Estranged from these people and their country, smitten with a fine sense of the exquisite unfitness of things, Dorn has no free channel into which his emotions may flow. His personality is an exigent one, but it is permanently dissociated from the bourgeois industrial world, and in marriage with a bourgeoise there is nothing that allays the imp of irony. That imp, however, does not torture Anna for her commonplace reality. Anna is too sweet, too adoringly compliant, for that. The imp revenges itself instead in a relentless and verbally gymnastic commentary on the slaveries, the mechanisms, of American existence. Like a fountain that never moves and yet is never at rest, Erik Dorn flings up a plume of endless, insolent epigram—epigram as dazzling, as sharp, as lofty, as confined, as the imprisoned ejaculation of a fountain. This passionate mental life, which is never hampered by intellectual scrutiny, is really a dance of protest that fascinates the man who whirls it. And, not unnaturally, in the colored light of the women who love him, his performance has the look not of a separation from life but the look of life itself, in brilliant activity. It is only when he has bestowed his loneliness on Rachel Laskin that she too discovers how completely his mind revolves upon itself and has no place in it for her need of affectional gravitation. He would cling to Rachel but she is sincere, she leaves him, if only to become the mistress of a revolutionary and later of an artist who, when Erik returns and allures, beats her into the recognition of her importance to him.

The actual spinning of life carries Erik Dorn from his newspaper office in the aesthetic purgatory of Chicago to a brief intermission in and about Greenwich Village and then to a fantastic experience of the revolution in Germany. The revolution in Germany is not seen with any particular political animus or sympathy. Politically Erik Dorn is a pronounced futilitarian and all provisional governments look alike to him. But in one German aristocrat, Von Stinnes, a spy, a British-French-German agent beyond good and evil and yet one who enjoys the luxury of confessing to Dorn, he experiences a certain fellowship. Both Von Stinnes and himself, he feels, are scoundrels. And in the happy perception of being a scoundrel self-accepted, Erik Dorn takes a refreshed view of the world.

But it is not as a scoundrel, appreciating the gallantry of Von Stinnes dying for a lie, that one chiefly is impressed by Erik Dorn. It is as an aesthetic waif picking up crumbs in the icy winter of Chicago.

> "The grave, melodious shout of the rain filled the night. The streets had become dark, attenuated pools. The rain falling illuminated the hidden faces of the buildings and silvered the air with whirling lines.
>
> "As they faced the downpour Dorn thought, 'Rachel's waiting for me. Why don't I go to her? But I'd only make her sad. Better let it get out of me in the rain.'
>
> "Holding his friend's arm he stood staring at the storm over the city. Through the sparkle and fume of the rain-colored night the lights of café signs burned like golden-lettered banners flung stiffly into the downpour. About the lights floated patches of yellow mist through which the rain swarmed in flurries of gleaming moths. There were lights of doors and windows beneath the burning signs. The remainder of the street was lost in a wilderness of rain that bubbled and raced over the pavements in an endless detonation."

In such a scene, which is only one of many scenes that come to Erik Dorn with an urgent beauty, one has the thing that does not leave him estranged. With women he is faithlessly faithful. In return for their absoluteness of devotion (or what he unsuspectingly takes to be their absoluteness) he can only give the kisses that the imp of irony permits—those kisses that to the behaviorist must look like real kisses and yet which, for the reason of his divided self, are not followed by the pang of surrender. But to beauty, as he sees it, he starts to give himself with a rush of expectation. He loses himself if only in words. This is socially peripheral, but for Erik Dorn it soothes the ache of reality. He does not feel, he denies, the social.

Such egoism, I may say, is the note of more than one recent novel—Tarr and Ulysses in particular—and to me it seems the flower of the estrangement between civilized and philistine lives. Only I gather no idea from Erik Dorn that it is appreciated as an estrangement, an aberration. Dorn appears to me to be rather satisfactory to his creator, in the way that Tarr was to Wyndham Lewis. As I read the book, he appears to me repellant, hard, cold, small, excited, yet driven into this repellancy and smallness by the blind menaces of the cattle-hind that is philistine society and public opinion. Under its whacks and shouts, so dominant to the sensitive alien in America, perhaps it is natural to evolve such protective egoism as Erik Dorn's. But the facts remain that egoism is a fountain of the

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spirit which is never at rest yet flows nowhere and is sterile.

A style like Mr. Hecht's, sure to be lavishly praised, only reinforces this impression. For myself, I find its novelty as tiresome as too many fuschia gowns. "Buildings . . . burst a skyrocket of windows into the night." It is effective, but 409 pages is like a month of bismuth breakfasts. It is too much a strain on one's associations to see in "a pilgrim walking over the barren floor of an empty cathedral" none other than our old friend the noonday sun.

It is, I believe, an actual straining for impressiveness, for accent, for effect. When we have so many stuffy novels one is in part grateful to have this egoist so flagrantly naked, so pungently bizarre especially as a G. P. Putnam publication. But there is another side to the matter, even if it is a relief in the temple of the American popular novel to have some one refuse to bend the knee or pass the plate. That is the question of "reality." The acid oddity of Erik Dorn can only gain one's sympathy, it seems to me, if one remembers the world by which he is goaded. Yet even here he is smart. When Mr. Hecht describes the twelve jury men in Chicago as *all* bored with monogamy and *all* automatically attracted by the story of the interne's seducing a young girl, he is in a certain sense not less unreal than the pious people. The cynical formula is too arid. In much of Erik Dorn there is that powerful and harrowing sincerity about the loneliness and separateness of life that one finds so seldom in correct English fiction. But with this incomparable grim honesty there goes a pert cynicism. Also there is a tiresome stridency which is characteristic of Ben Hecht not less than Erik Dorn. The degree of aesthetic intention is too obvious. There is infinitely too much clattering comment. Erik Dorn does not, like a more rounded novel, carry within itself the humane constituents which command and assure one's sympathy.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Pan

Pan, by Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

KNUT HAMSUN is known to American readers by four books, so different in form and style that they might well represent four personalities. Hunger is the first, a symphonic structure in four movements developing its theme through the hero's sensations and realistic contacts with life. Pan, the second in date though the last to be translated, is dramatic, with lyrical interludes where the background replaces the action. Shallow Soil is a still more complicated form, a cross section of society presented through portraiture and satire. Finally there is the Growth of the Soil, the epic of man's primitive desires and achievements in the elementary conquest of nature.

From these four books, different as they are in type, can be deduced certain general characteristics which make Hamsun an outstanding figure in modern fiction. First there is in each the concentration on a single theme, which by simplification comes to be rendered with extraordinary emphasis and intensity. Action, characters, atmosphere are subordinated to a single purpose. Then there is the wide sophistication of Hamsun's art by virtue of which he includes easily in his process the forms and methods of his predecessors. Hamsun is a realist who has passed beyond the reproductive stage of art, in which the artist is dominated by his material. He stands above it, moulding it freely and masterfully, according to conceptions of universal appeal. He is an impressionist who has passed beyond the objective technique of representation into the region of spirit. His characters have lost many of the external marks by which we recognize men and women, but they are thereby brought nearer to the essential truth of humanity. By virtue of the simplification, emphasis, rapidity with which he renders life he does for us what great art should do,—he gives us a more immediate and cogent effect of reality than we gain from life itself.

Of all this Pan is amply significant. It is a disconcerting book, for the same reason that Browning's poetry was disconcerting to his early readers—because of its abrupt, challenging form, its intense absorption in the point of view of the character who speaks. Among English novelists there is no doubt that Hamsun finds his closest approximation to Meredith. In his relentless pursuit of the significant, and his effort to realize life in a larger and fuller sense than that which belongs to what we call actuality, in the violence of his individuality and the egoism of his form he is Meredith's sworn brother. Particularly does Pan recall Meredith's dramatic and descriptive lyric—Love in a Valley. In both, nature supplies a lyrical background upon which is embroidered, in Meredith's poem a character, in Hamsun's novel a dramatic episode. With Meredith it is the harmony between nature and character that makes his poem an idyl—in Hamsun's story it is the discord that makes it a tragedy.

Pan is an episode in the life of Lieutenant Glahn, who lives alone with his dog Aesop in the woods of the north. The Nordland Hamsun pictures with the exotic fervor of a lover of Italy or the South Seas. In his impassioned contemplation of nature in her infinite variety is a further mark of similarity between Hamsun and Meredith. The reader will have in mind certain stanzas of Love in a Valley as he reads:

> "There was a fairy glimmer at that hour over wood and field; the sun had gone down, and dyed the horizon with a rich red light that stood there still as oil. The sky all open and clean; I stared into that clear sea, and it seemed as if I were lying face to face with the uttermost depth of the world; my heart beating tensely against it, and at home there. God knows, I thought to myself, God knows why the sky is dressed in gold and mauve tonight, if there is not some festival going on up there in the world, some great feast with music from the stars, and boats gliding along river ways."
>
> "Hail, men and beasts and birds, to the lonely night in the woods, in the woods! Hail to the darkness and God's murmuring between the trees, to the sweet, simple melody of silence in my ears, to green leaves and yellow! Hail to the life-sound I hear; a snout against the grass, a dog sniffing over the ground! A wild hail to the wildcat lying crouched, sighting and ready to spring on a sparrow in the dark, in the dark! Hail to the merciful silence upon earth, to the stars and the half moon; ay, to them and to it!" . . .

Into this peace, in the world and in Glahn's heart, comes Edwarda, daughter of the trader of Sirilund. "She was tall, but with no figure to speak of, about fifteen or sixteen, with long, dark hands and no gloves"—hands which Glahn noticed were sometimes unwashed. She visits Glahn's hut and he feels something touching his heart "like a little fleeting welcome". And Meredith's heroine comes to mind again in the simple, humble picture:

> "I saw before me suddenly her brown face and neck; she had fastened her apron a little low down in front, to be long-waisted, as was the fashion; the girlish contour of her thumb affected me tenderly, and the little wrinkles above the knuckle were full of kindliness. Her mouth was large and rich."

There is a party, at which Glahn is awkward and self

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conscious, and Edwarda lifts him out of his humiliation. It is an incident of that rare and perfect type which fulfills for the moment the reader's capacity for the perfect event, the supreme quality of narrative.

> "Just at that moment someone came quickly over towards us. All could see her—it was Edwarda. She came straight to me. She said something, and threw her arms round my neck; clasped her arms round my neck and kissed me again and again on the lips. Each time she said something, but I did not hear what it was. I could not understand it all; my heart stood still; I had only a feeling of her burning look. Then she slipped away from me; her little breast beat up and down. She stood there still, with her brown face and brown neck, tall and slender, with flashing eyes, altogether heedless. They were all looking at her. For the second time I was fascinated by her dark eyebrows, that curved high up into her forehead."

After this she comes again and often to Glahn's hut, at evening and morning. Then she comes less frequently. She makes excuses. There are other parties, rival pursuers; Glahn is more inept and distraught, Edwarda more capricious and cruel. Less and less do nature and a simple, physical love for Eva, the blacksmith's wife, suffice to heal and release him. At last he breaks away, and at his farewell Edwarda asks for a gift, the dog Aesop. It is another incident, perfect in its symbolism and its measure of Glahn's suffering and subjection, in which, in sheer pity, he shoots his old companion and sends the body to his mistress.

The epilogue transfers the scene to the tropics. The story is taken up by a friend of Glahn's who accompanies him in his hunting expedition into the jungle, and finally, yielding to Glahn's insistent provocation, shoots him. It is obviously designed to affirm the main fact of Glahn's character—an instinct for suffering and death as profound as his adoration of life and nature. This fundamental emotion marks Pan as contemporary with Hunger. The heroes of both are great in one aspect, that of suffering. Hunger is the theme of each—hunger of food, hunger of sex—and in both there is a self consciousness that is morbid. The background of Hunger is the city, the world of well fed and prosperous men and women in which the hero bears his secret pain like a vice. The background of Pan is nature, free and satisfying, in the midst of which the hero is a victim of the force that should be creative. He appears a fragment in contrast with the whole—the mighty Pan.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Sloane's Liniment

The Powers and Aims of Western Democracy, by William Milligan Sloane, L.H.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THOSE who get no satisfaction from Wells should try Sloane. He is a professional historian—according to the publisher's announcement "the most eminent of living American" ones—and he reviews mankind through his own special spy-glass in one small volume instead of two immense ones. His skill in passing off prejudices for principles and confusing opinion with observation, error of fact with sincerity of sentiment, together with his mastery of epithet and control of fiction quite justify the publisher's description of him. Certainly, he has no peer among those American historians who prefer to evaluate evidence and to let generalization rise out of observation. Whether he has any in his own class—those who start with generalization and adjust evidence to it—I cannot say. I do not know the modern ones among them, and I am not certain that even the publishers might not be a little hesitant to rank Doctor Sloane with the church fathers, St. Augustine, and Bossuet. His basic assumptions, which compose his theory of life and the procrustean mold of his material are in essence the same as theirs. "The beliefs of men were negative and destructive . . . . until the greatest event in history, the appearance of Christ upon earth took place . . . . [then] new constructive beliefs could be substituted for the old. What was the new principle? The answers have been innumerable and as various as the minds of those who sought them. One thing only has seemed certain: that society has been born again, as well as the men who compose it; so have nations and their governments. New institutions have arisen and have found their expression in new forms of government; the worth of man as man has been established on a new basis; justice is done as never before and progress, though often checked, has attained a regularity of movement which it never had before." The dynamic of this hopefulness was the injection into the life of mankind of a dualism until then lacking. God and Caesar had been one and were made two: "this is the fundamental fact of twenty centuries: the separation of church and state."

That the implications and consequences of this "fundamental fact" are nowhere clearly stated or adequately apprehended should not be regarded as a reproach to Doctor Sloane. They do not exist in actual history, and the Doctor, being after all a child—or, if he prefers, a stepchild—of the 19th century and not the 5th, cannot help paying some attention to the material of record. It may be palliated or excused, but it cannot be altogether obviated. "If man were merely a creature of flesh and blood," he writes elsewhere, "if he had no soul and no hope of a future life there would be an absolute identity of public and private ethics, for personal advantage would always be subordinate to that of the public and the general. As he is, he has interests which far transcend those of the family or the nation; and in so far he has a private personal responsibility far above his duty as a citizen. The most troublesome task he knows is to suit the one to the other." Surely, surely. But if he were really preoccupied with this task, postulated on what to 20th century thinking is an anti-social doctrine, why is there no indication in this discussion of the powers and aims of western democracy—i. e., of Dr. Sloane's United States—of his concern about this task? Because, on the whole, it does not exist; and because, more significantly, Dr. Sloane himself is in no way particularly moved by it, but is much moved by what he regards as the menace against the conservatism of the "democratic nation . . . the best form of human association so far devised," against the "right to property" of which this form of association is the insurance, and against the other privileges that go with its existence. At this menace his book is a broadside. Regarding it as a disease of the body politic, he applies to it epithets that like another pain-killer associated with another Sloane, should sting the epidermis without allaying the pain. The disease is socialism, a "euphemism for the four horsemen of the apocalypse going forth to destroy." Marx is "a demon of errors"; Bolshevism, "the maximal form of a brutality," and its record infallibly, of course, the collection of exploded lies of the whole anti-Russian propaganda.

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Nor is this all. "Our latest materialistic and agnostic philosophies" are "represented in the writings of Herbert Spencer," and espouse his individualism; "the family" is designated as the earliest form of society; Christianity is described as creating a desire for a world-empire to correspond with the Civitas Dei; the Hohenzollerns are called Calvinistic; capital is described as the slave of labor; Kant is endowed with the mythical importance of the Kant-Gesellschaft, and Germany's most terrible crime was "its betrayal of its greatest prophet, Immanuel Kant." Hegel's place is for the same reason "that of the arch-fiend"; and German post-Kantian thought as a whole is vicious because it is a "betrayal of Kant" beginning with Fichte and ending with Nietzsche. Kant had the secret of lasting peace; he was, by implication, the real father of Article X.

As for America—the glass of democratic fashion and the mold of western form—our democracy is expensive, wasteful, and insufficient, but it is the best thing in government mankind knows. We are a peaceful and non-aggressive people. There may seem to be evidence to the contrary, but in fact, "we have seen Cuba and the Philippines forced upon us; decency and order in Central America, and certain West Indian Isles are dependent on our marines, and we have come to a consciousness that we are no longer an American, but a world, power, under compulsion to protect ourselves on the western continent against the expansionist, imperialistic governments of Europe." Since the war we have forced our ideas of nationality and constitutional government, dim and vague as they are, upon the allies, assuming that they would fit, while they "after all are not so very perfect a fit for us who wear them." We had best let peoples, peoples as "motley in disposition, temperament and ideals as the colors of a tartan plaid or a patchwork quilt," choose their own governments for themselves—all, of course, but the Russians. Thus "the best form of human association so far devised," doesn't seem good enough yet for any actual association of men. Doctor Sloane doesn't say so, but the inference is not unfair that this must be, on his terms, because, in their metaphysical essences, men are not destined for any organized societies whatsoever. But if so, is it irony or inadvertence that leads Doctor Sloane so to denounce anarchism, anarchy and anarchists and to associate them with socialists and Socialism?

H. M. KALLEN.

The Passion of Labor

The Passion of Labor, by Robert Lynd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE reactionary follies of the war and its aftermath are ably satirized in these essays, which combine integrity of purpose with charm of style. "Labor in politics," says Mr. Lynd, "has but one passion. It is to make the world a better place for the people who inhabit it." The author steadfastly pursues this passion. He emphasizes over and over again the fact that "this world of mean streets and mean ideals in which we live is no less intolerable as a home for human beings than was the mud-and-blood world of the trenches."

But Mr. Lynd is a humanist rather than a crusader. He discusses the Versailles Treaty, and Sir Edward Carson, and the Armitsar massacre in the spirit if not in the dimension of Erasmus rather than of Luther. His appeal is always to reason, not to emotion. He prefers the rapier to the bludgeon as a weapon. He does not excoriate the powers of evil with the thunders of Mount Sinai. He prefers to resort to the small, still voice of humanity and commonsense, illuminated and enlivened by a perpetual undercurrent of subdued but effective mockery.

The book is written in a spirit of unlabored irony. Some of the happier phrases stick to the memory like chestnut burrs. "The governing classes and the criminal classes are, both of them, busy, and the newspaper gives us little but column after column of their misdeeds." "Society is still regarded by many people less as a community than as a trade union of profiteers."

Since the end of the war a number of prominent English Liberals have gone over to the ranks of the Labor Party. Like them Mr. Lynd sees in Labor the only effective instrument for the realization of the best ideals of Liberalism. The author insists that the Labor Party's program of social democracy and of international peace and conciliation will benefit all classes, and urges the middle classes to "Make haste to throw in their lot with Labor."

Among the individual essays The Duty of Continuing to Hate the Germans is perhaps the best. Here Mr. Lynd gives free scope to his lively imagination and conceives a most amusing vision of the ultimate political, social and economic consequences of pursuing a policy of eternal hatred to its logical extremities.

Mr. Lynd's writing is always characterized by clarity of vision and breadth of understanding. His book is replete with sanity and tolerance and good will, qualities that are sorely needed if the world is to recover from its late debauch of unreasoning hate and passion. W. H. C.

Selected Current Books

Paul Gauguin—His Life and Art, by John Gould Fletcher. Brown.

A account of the life and art of the great painter with ten illustrations not in color.

Europe Since 1870, by E. R. Turner. Doubleday.

Professor of European History at the University of Michigan attempts an interpretation of Europe with the main idea of Germany's "world power or downfall".

Wings of Oppression, by Leslie P. Hill. Stratford.

A volume of poetry by a Negro poet, mainly philosophic.

Contributors

DICKINSON S. MILLER is professor of apologetics at the General Theological Seminary, New York.

DR. J. P. WARBASSE is president of the Cooperative League of America, and author of Surgical Practice, and other books and pamphlets on the socialization of medicine, and economic subjects. He is now devoting his entire time to the study and furtherance of the cooperative movement.

MARGARET EVANS is a recent graduate of the University of Chicago.

VERNON KELLOGG is a zoologist and the author of a number of books on zoology, entomology and the natural sciences. He is also the author of Fighting Starvation in Belgium, Headquarters Nights, and Germany in the War and After. He was the director of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium in Brussels; and has lately seen service in various parts of Europe with the American Relief Administration.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, a Russian writer who came to America a few years ago, has recently returned from a six months' visit to Russia. He is the author of The Soul of the Russian Revolution and A Guide to Russian Literature (1820-1917).

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This is the fourth book of that autobiographical series begun many years ago, which has been called the greatest autobiography ever written. The previous volumes in the series are My Friend's Book, Little Pierre, and Pierre Nozière. La Vie En Fleur takes up again the life of Pierre Nozière (*Anatole France*) and carries him into school and college and beyond, losing none of the charm of the early volumes and giving an immediate interest to the great ironist's commentaries on wars, academies, and other institutions of our time. The publication of anything by Anatole France is always an event, but when it happens to be autobiography it is epoch making.

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